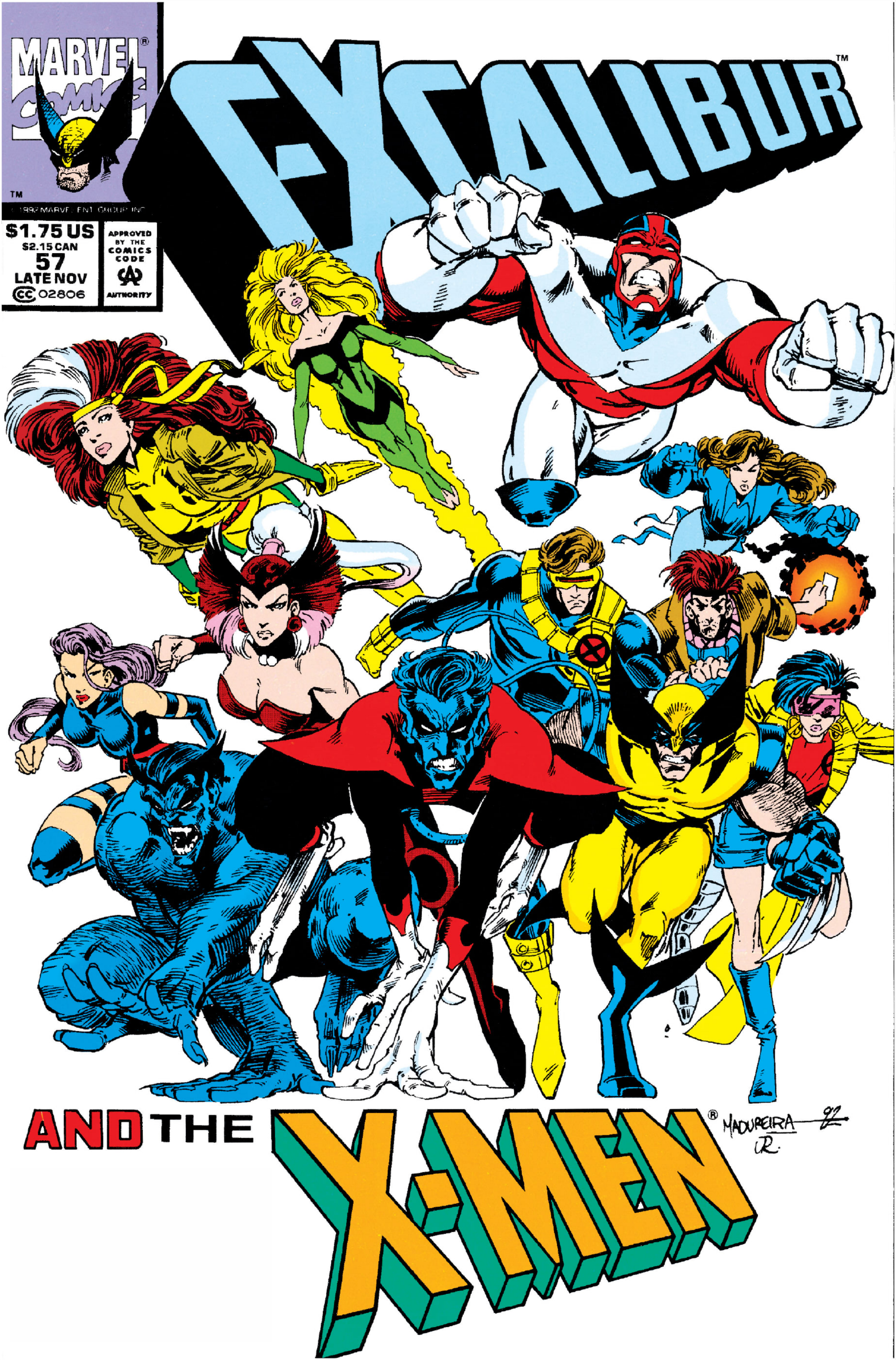
MARVEL

EPIC COLLECTION

EXCALIBUR

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

DAVIS • LODBELL • BRAITHWAITE • SIMPSON • FRY • MADUREIRA


MARVEL COMICS
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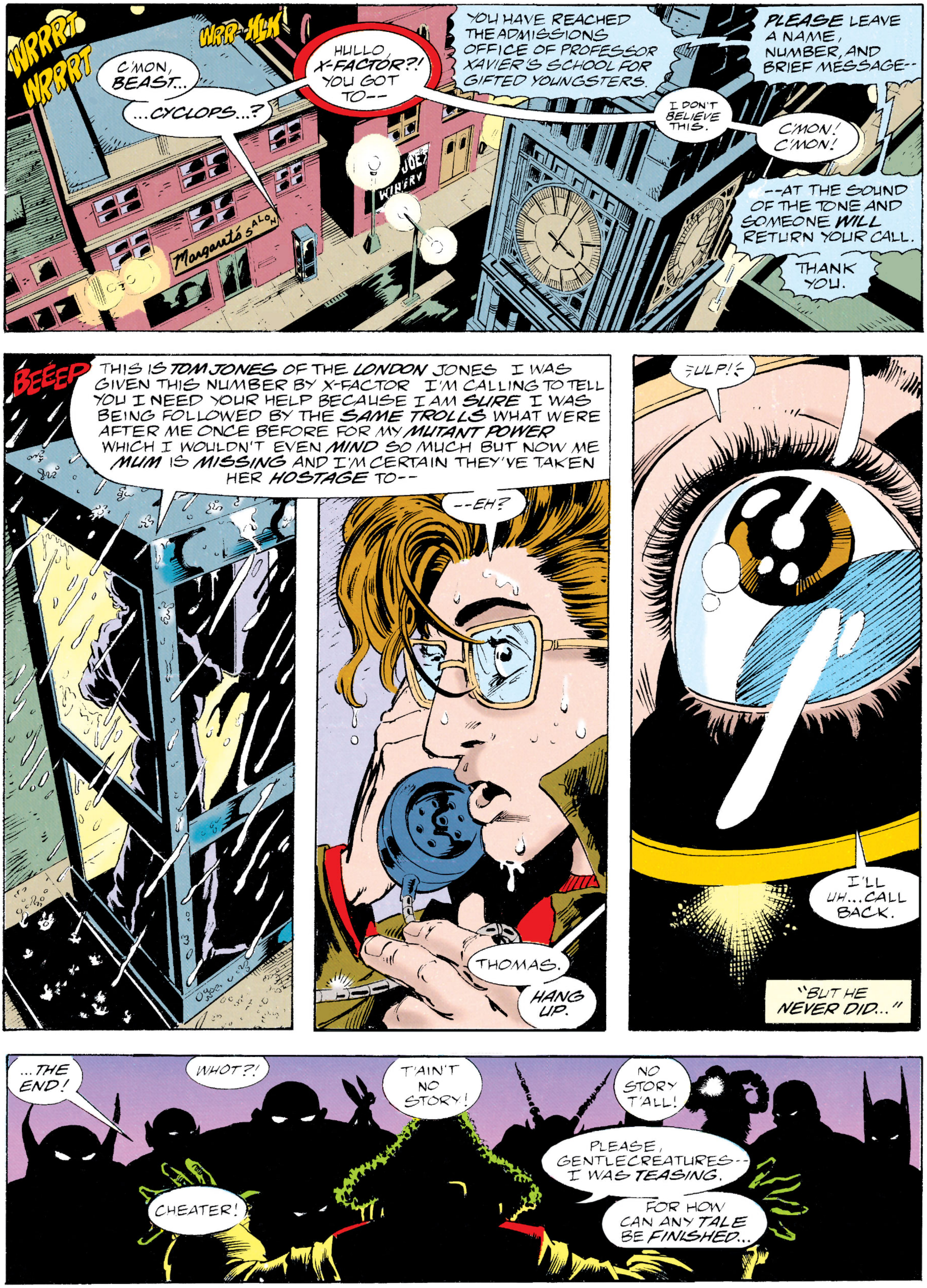
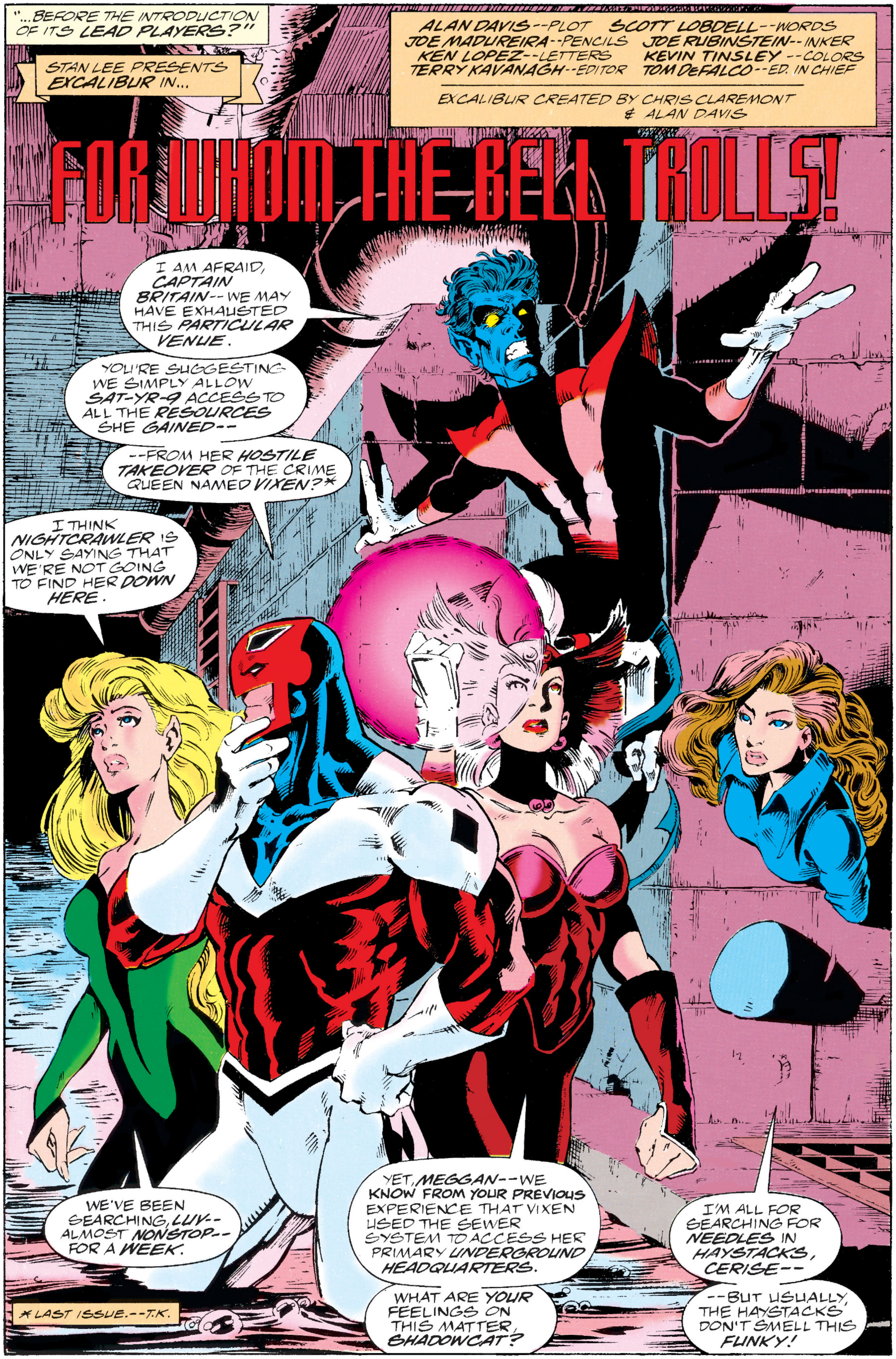
EXCALIBUR™
AND THE X-MEN®
MADUREIRA 92
JR.

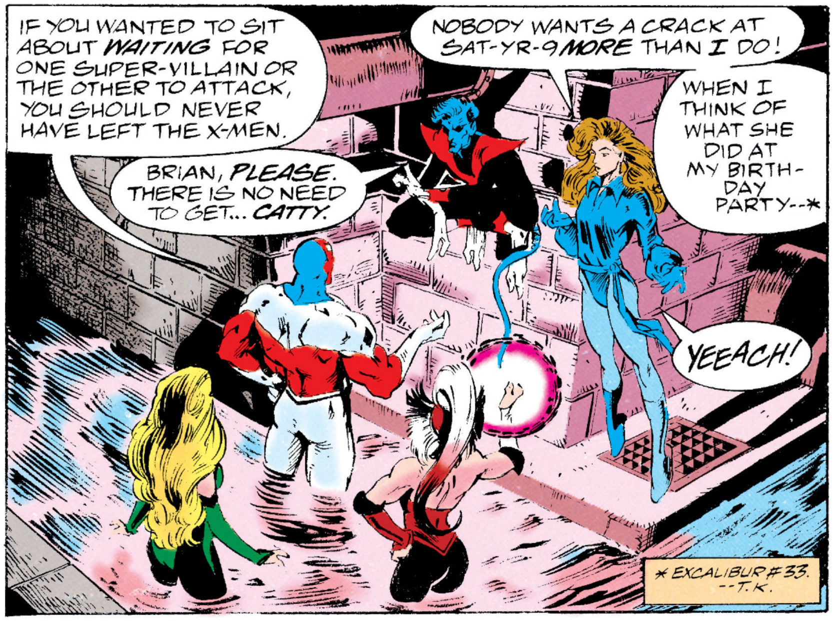

WRRRT WRRRT
WRR-HLK
C'MON, BEAST...
...CYCLOPS...?
HULLO, X-FACTOR?! YOU GOT TO--
YOU HAVE REACHED THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE OF PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.
PLEASE LEAVE A NAME, NUMBER, AND BRIEF MESSAGE--
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.
C'MON! C'MON!
--AT THE SOUND OF THE TONE AND SOMEONE WILL RETURN YOUR CALL.
THANK YOU.
Margaret's SALON
JOE'S WINERY
BEEEP
THIS IS TOM JONES OF THE LONDON JONES I WAS GIVEN THIS NUMBER BY X-FACTOR I'M CALLING TO TELL YOU I NEED YOUR HELP BECAUSE I AM SURE I WAS BEING FOLLOWED BY THE SAME TROLLS WHAT WERE AFTER ME ONCE BEFORE FOR MY MUTANT POWER WHICH I WOULDN'T EVEN MIND SO MUCH BUT NOW ME MUM IS MISSING AND I'M CERTAIN THEY'VE TAKEN HER HOSTAGE TO--
--EH?
THOMAS.
HANG UP.
GULP!
I'LL UH...CALL BACK.
"BUT HE NEVER DID..."
...THE END!
WHOT?!
T'AIN'T NO STORY!
NO STORY T'ALL!
CHEATER!
PLEASE, GENTLECREATURES-- I WAS TEASING.
FOR HOW CAN ANY TALE BE FINISHED...

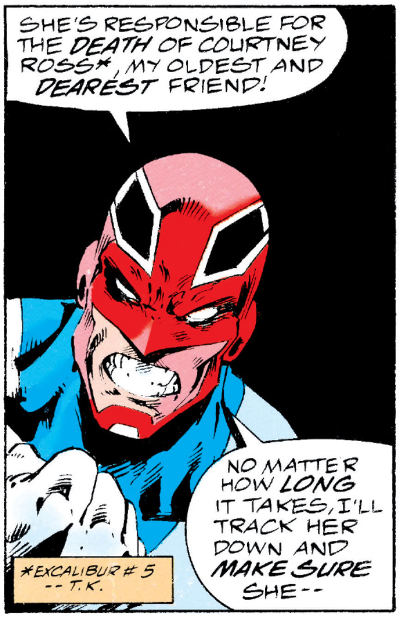


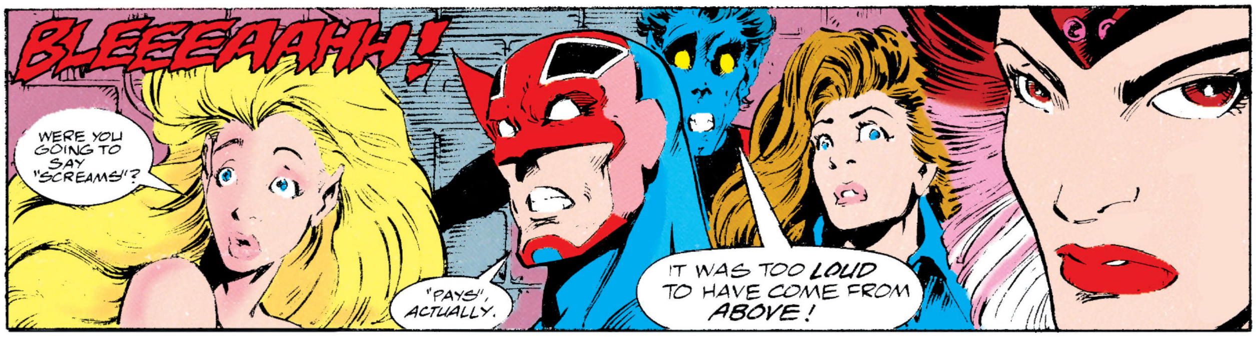
FOR WHOM THE BELL TROLLS!

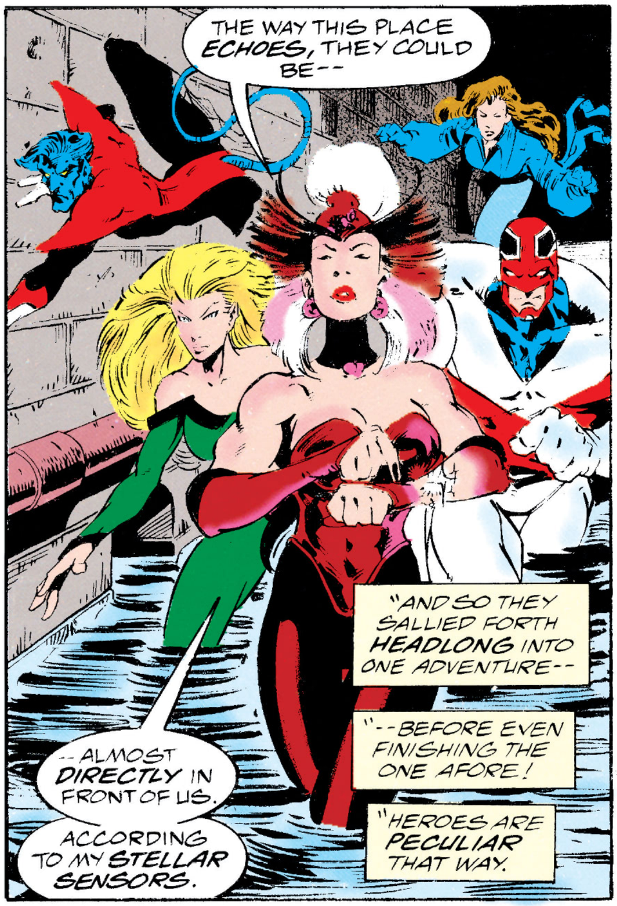
ALAN DAVIS--PLOT **SCOTT LOBDELL**--WORDS
JOE MADUREIRA--PENCILS **JOE RUBINSTEIN**--INKER
KEN LOPEZ--LETTERS **KEVIN TINSLEY**--COLORS
TERRY KAVANAGH--EDITOR **TOM DeFALCO**--ED. IN CHIEF
EXCALIBUR CREATED BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & ALAN DAVIS

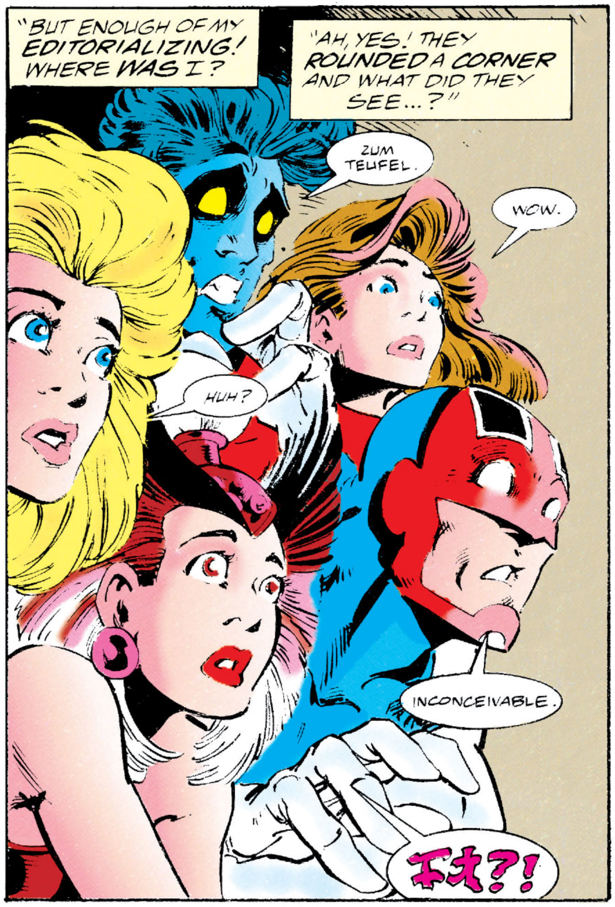
"...BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF ITS LEAD PLAYERS?"
STAN LEE PRESENTS EXCALIBUR IN...
I AM AFRAID, CAPTAIN BRITAIN--WE MAY HAVE EXHAUSTED THIS PARTICULAR VENUE.
YOU'RE SUGGESTING WE SIMPLY ALLOW SAT-YR-9 ACCESS TO ALL THE RESOURCES SHE GAINED--
--FROM HER HOSTILE TAKEOVER OF THE CRIME QUEEN NAMED VIXEN?*
I THINK NIGHTCRAWLER IS ONLY SAYING THAT WE'RE NOT GOING TO FIND HER DOWN HERE.
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING, LUV--ALMOST NONSTOP--FOR A WEEK.
YET, MEGGAN--WE KNOW FROM YOUR PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE THAT VIXEN USED THE SEWER SYSTEM TO ACCESS HER PRIMARY UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS.
WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ON THIS MATTER, SHADOWCAT?
I'M ALL FOR SEARCHING FOR NEEDLES IN HAYSTACKS, CERISE--
--BUT USUALLY, THE HAYSTACKS DON'T SMELL THIS FUNKY!
*LAST ISSUE.--T.K.

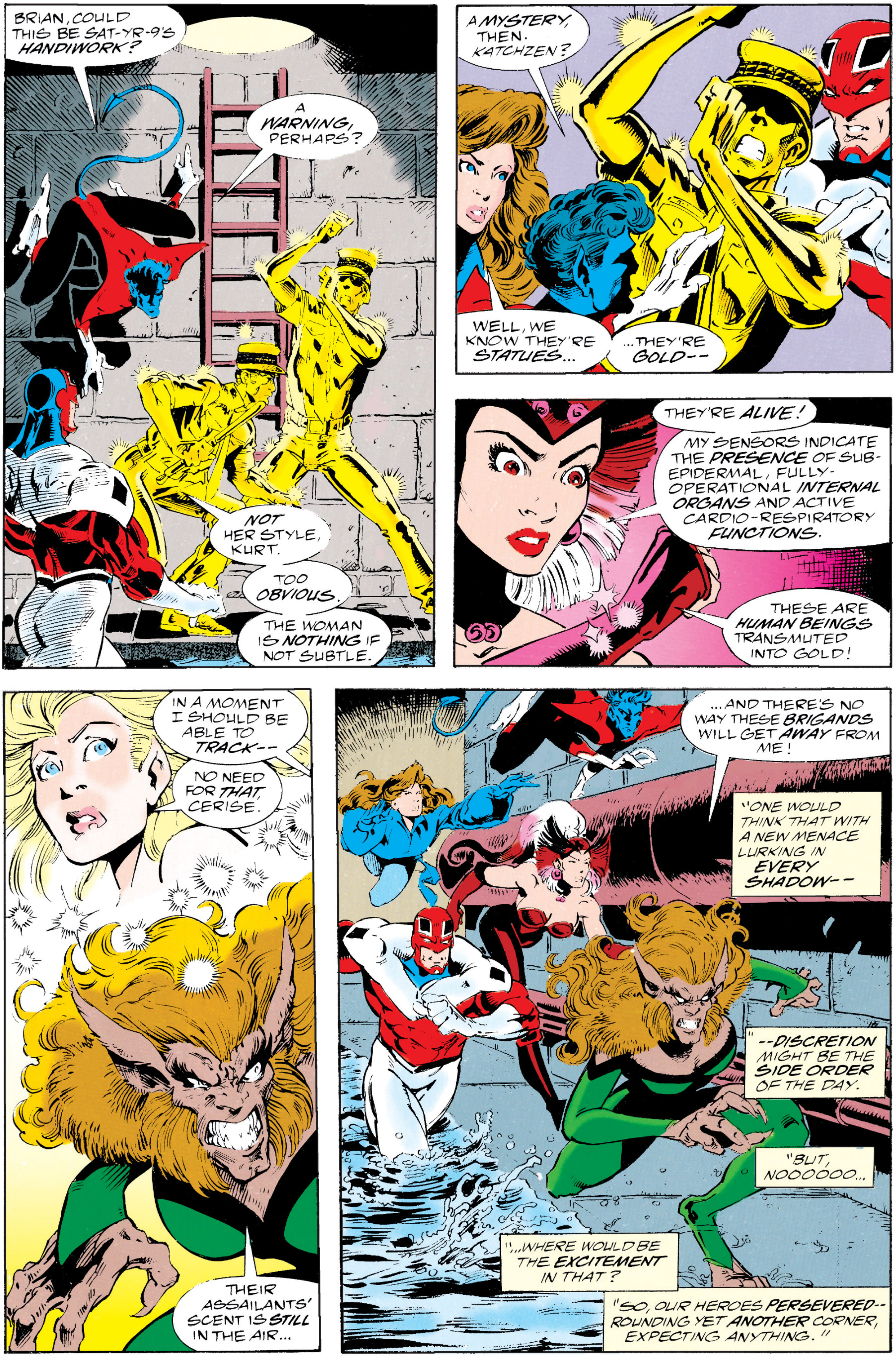

IF YOU WANTED TO SIT ABOUT *WAITING* FOR ONE SUPER-VILLAIN OR THE OTHER TO ATTACK, YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE X-MEN.
NOBODY WANTS A CRACK AT SAT-YR-9 *MORE* THAN *I* DO!
BRIAN, *PLEASE*. THERE IS NO NEED TO GET... *CATTY*.
WHEN I THINK OF WHAT SHE DID AT MY BIRTH-DAY PARTY--*
YEEACH!
* EXCALIBUR #33. --T.K.

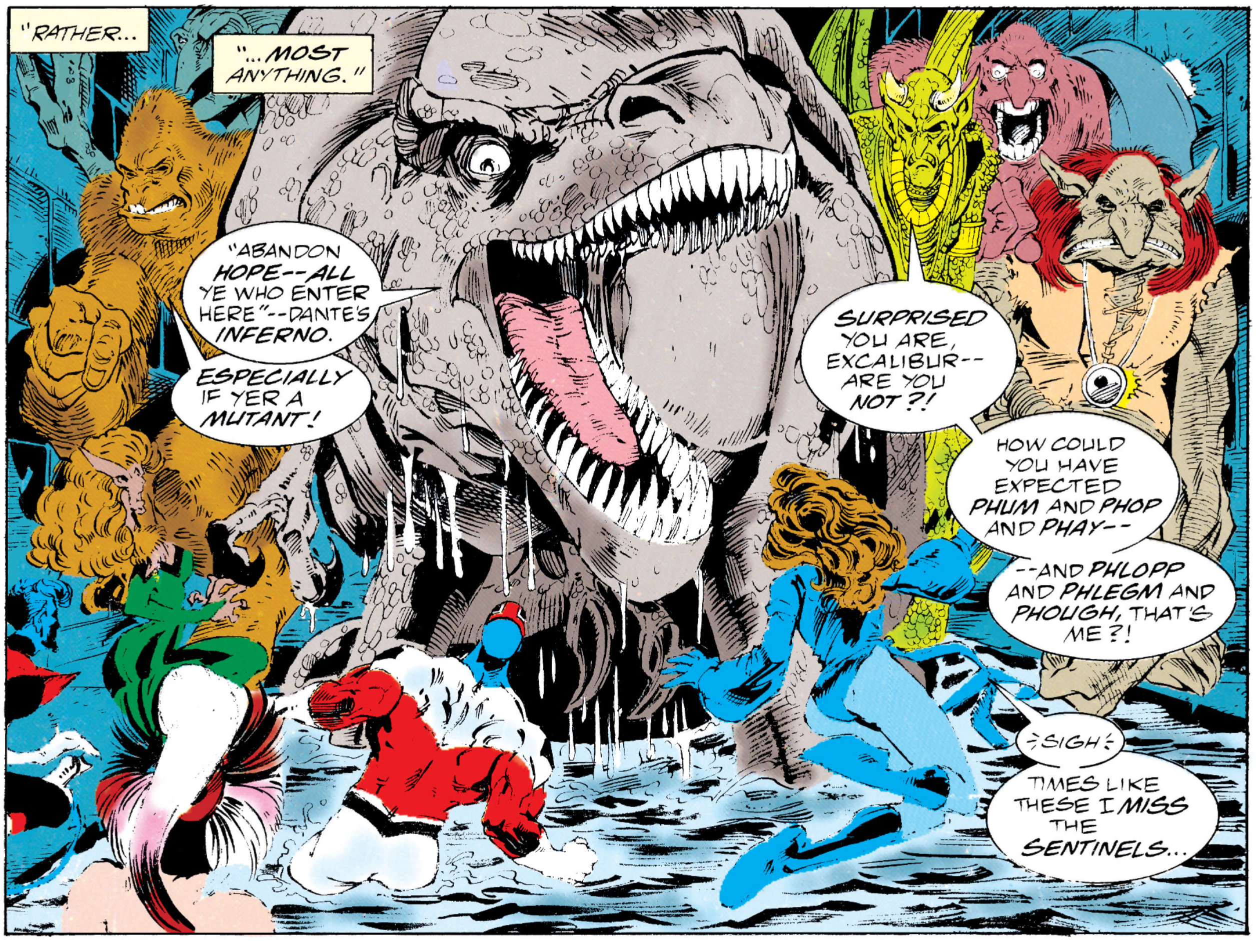

SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE *DEATH* OF COURTNEY ROSS*, MY OLDEST AND *DEAREST* FRIEND!
NO MATTER HOW *LONG* IT TAKES, I'LL TRACK HER DOWN AND *MAKE SURE* SHE--
*EXCALIBUR # 5 --T.K.

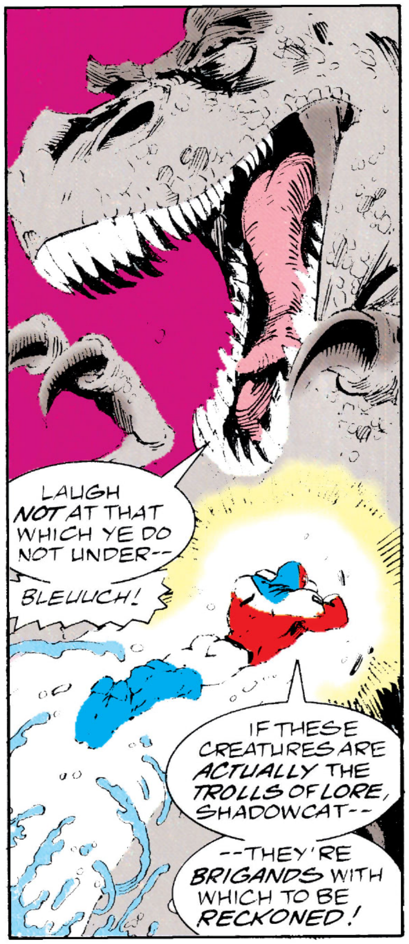

BLEEEAAHH!
WERE YOU GOING TO SAY "SCREAMS"?
"PAYS", ACTUALLY.
IT WAS TOO *LOUD* TO HAVE COME FROM *ABOVE*!

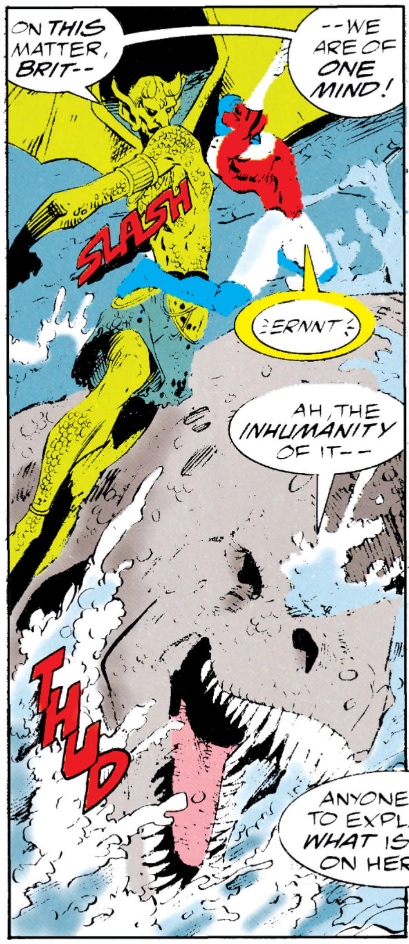

THE WAY THIS PLACE *ECHOES*, THEY COULD BE--
"AND SO THEY SALLIED FORTH *HEADLONG* INTO ONE ADVENTURE--
"--BEFORE EVEN FINISHING THE ONE AFORE!
--ALMOST *DIRECTLY* IN FRONT OF US.
ACCORDING TO MY *STELLAR SENSORS*.
"HEROES ARE *PECULIAR* THAT WAY.

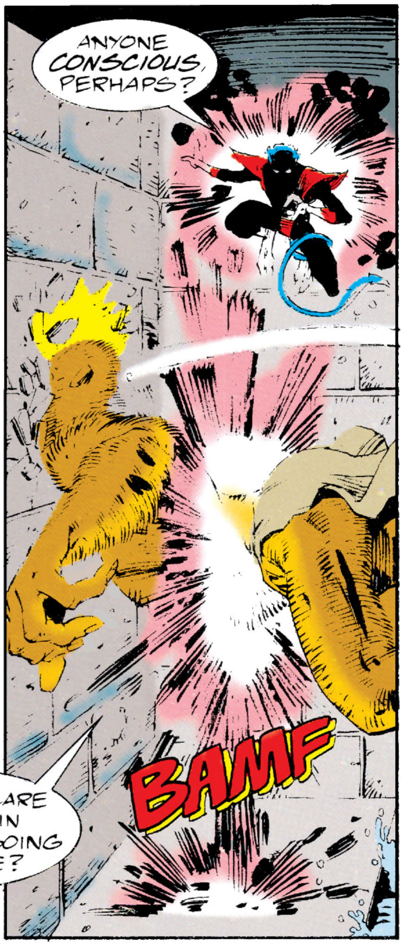

"BUT ENOUGH OF MY *EDITORIALIZING*! WHERE *WAS* I?
"AH, YES! THEY *ROUNDED A CORNER* AND WHAT DID THEY SEE...?"
ZUM TEUFEL.
WOW.
HUH?
INCONCEIVABLE.
ホえ?!

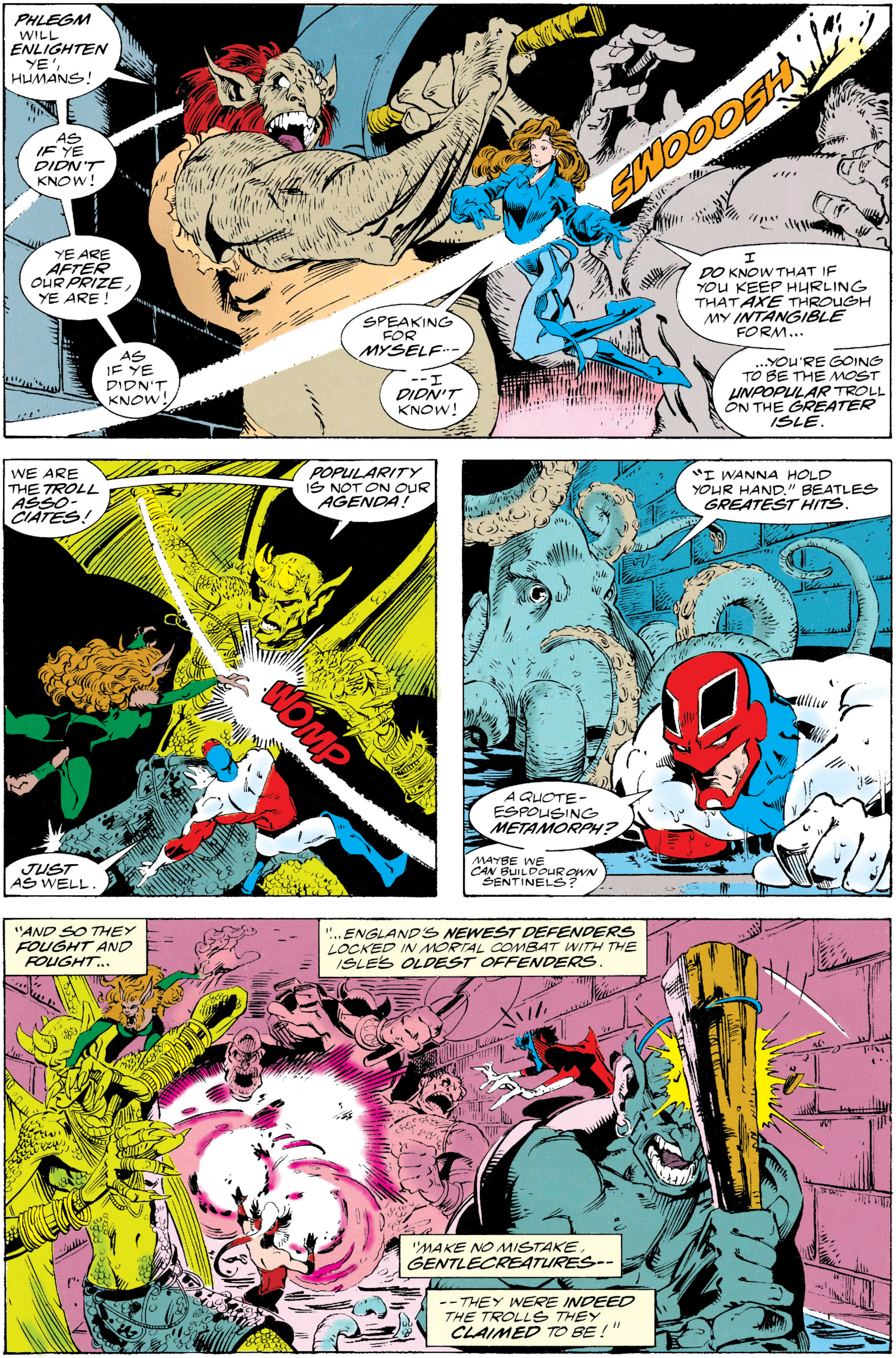

BRIAN, COULD THIS BE SAT-YR-9'S *HANDIWORK?*
A *WARNING,* PERHAPS?
NOT HER STYLE, KURT.
TOO *OBVIOUS.*
THE WOMAN IS *NOTHING* IF NOT SUBTLE.
A *MYSTERY,* THEN. KATCHZEN?
WELL, WE KNOW THEY'RE *STATUES...*
...THEY'RE *GOLD--*
THEY'RE *ALIVE!*
MY SENSORS INDICATE THE *PRESENCE* OF SUB-EPIDERMAL, FULLY-OPERATIONAL *INTERNAL ORGANS* AND ACTIVE CARDIO-RESPIRATORY *FUNCTIONS.*
THESE ARE *HUMAN BEINGS* TRANSMUTED INTO GOLD!
IN A MOMENT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO *TRACK--*
NO NEED FOR *THAT,* CERISE.
THEIR ASSAILANTS' SCENT IS *STILL* IN THE AIR...
...AND THERE'S NO WAY THESE *BRIGANDS* WILL GET *AWAY* FROM ME!
"ONE WOULD THINK THAT WITH A NEW MENACE LURKING IN *EVERY SHADOW--*
"*--DISCRETION* MIGHT BE THE *SIDE ORDER* OF THE DAY.
"BUT, NOOOOOO...
"...WHERE WOULD BE THE *EXCITEMENT* IN THAT?
"SO, OUR HEROES *PERSEVERED--* ROUNDING YET *ANOTHER* CORNER, EXPECTING ANYTHING."

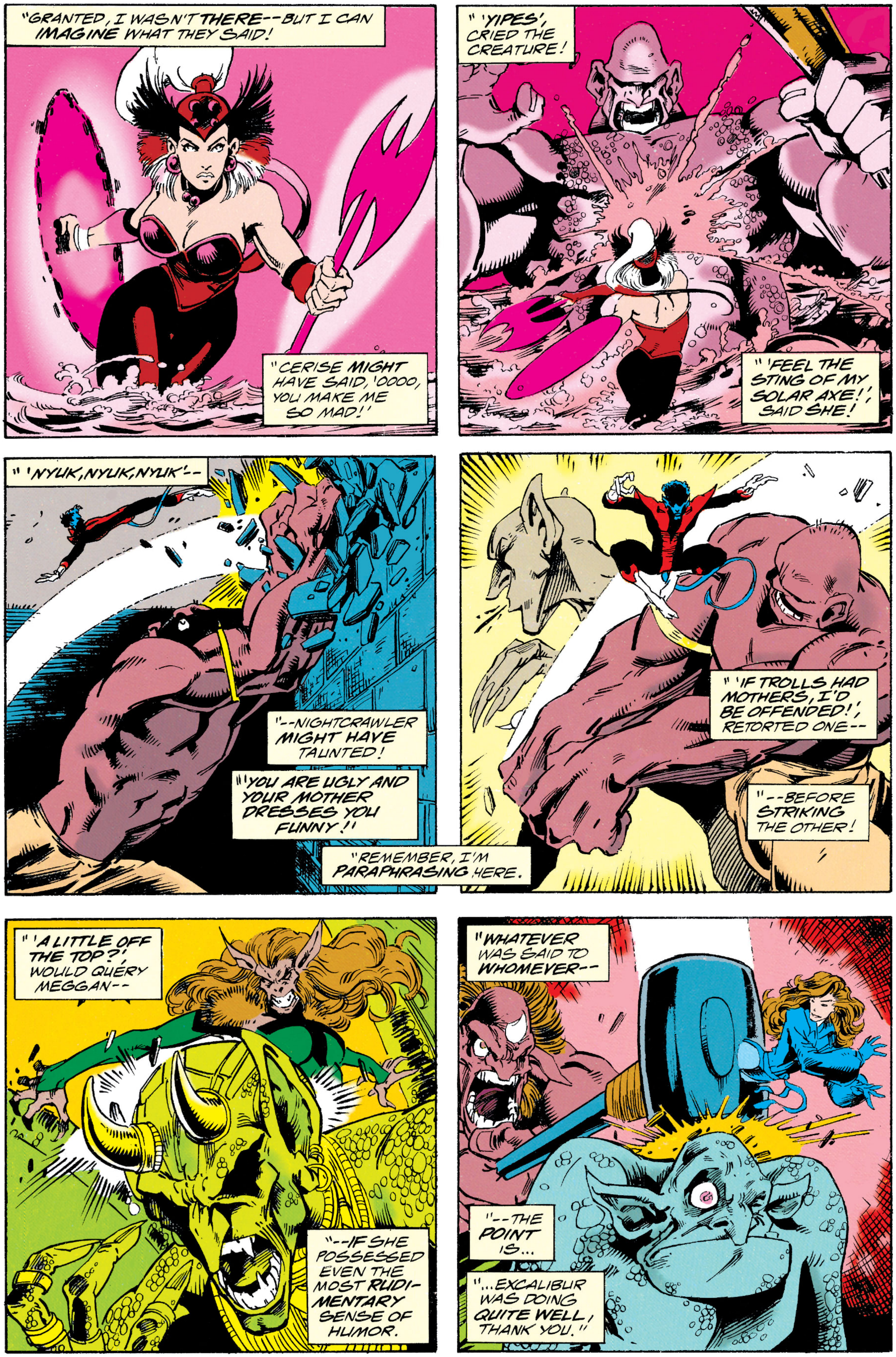

"RATHER...
"...MOST ANYTHING."
"ABANDON HOPE--ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE"--DANTE'S INFERNO.
ESPECIALLY IF YER A MUTANT!
SURPRISED YOU ARE, EXCALIBUR--ARE YOU NOT?!
HOW COULD YOU HAVE EXPECTED PHUM AND PHOP AND PHAY--
--AND PHLOPP AND PHLEGM AND PHOUGH, THAT'S ME?!
SIGH
TIMES LIKE THESE I MISS THE SENTINELS...

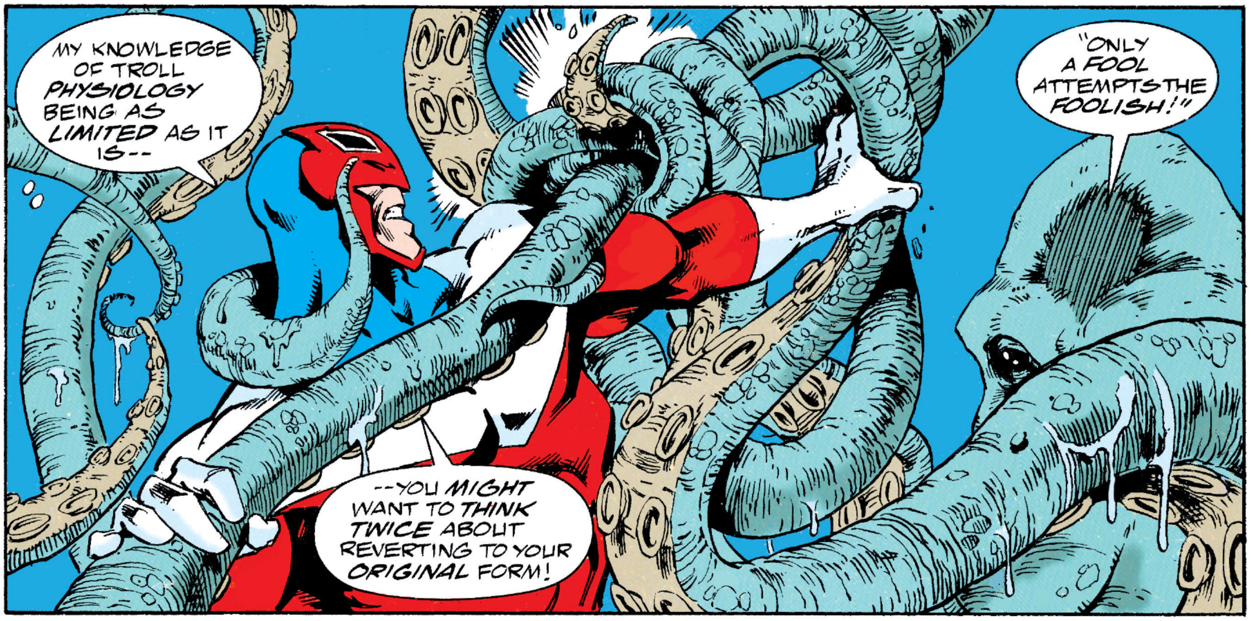

LAUGH NOT AT THAT WHICH YE DO NOT UNDER--
BLEUUCH!
IF THESE CREATURES ARE ACTUALLY THE TROLLS OF LORE, SHADOWCAT--
--THEY'RE BRIGANDS WITH WHICH TO BE RECKONED!

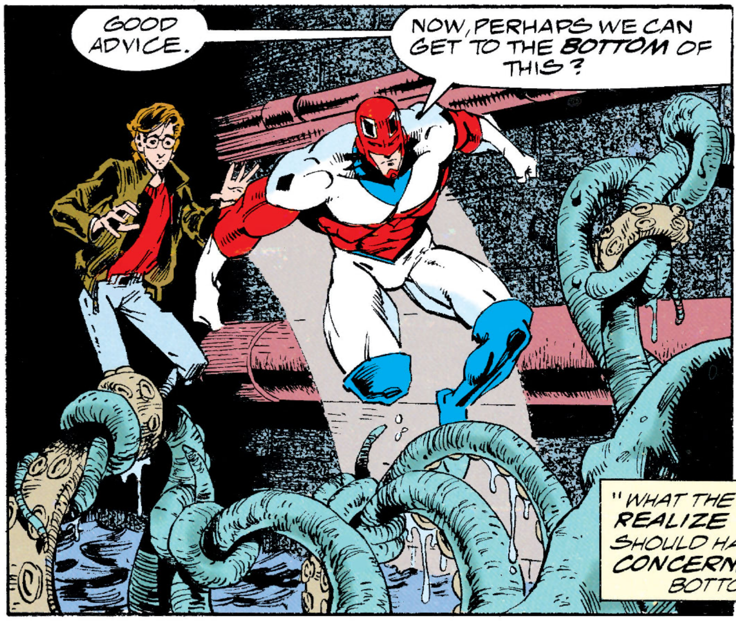

ON THIS MATTER, BRIT--
--WE ARE OF ONE MIND!
SLASH
ERNNT
AH, THE INHUMANITY OF IT--
THUD

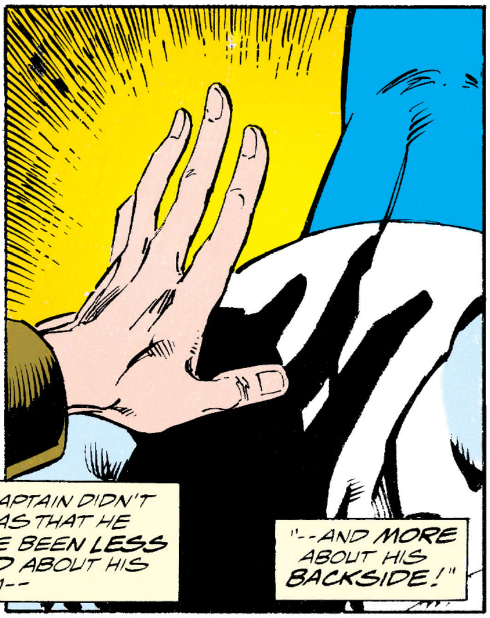

ANYONE CONSCIOUS, PERHAPS?
ANYONE CARE TO EXPLAIN WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
BAMF

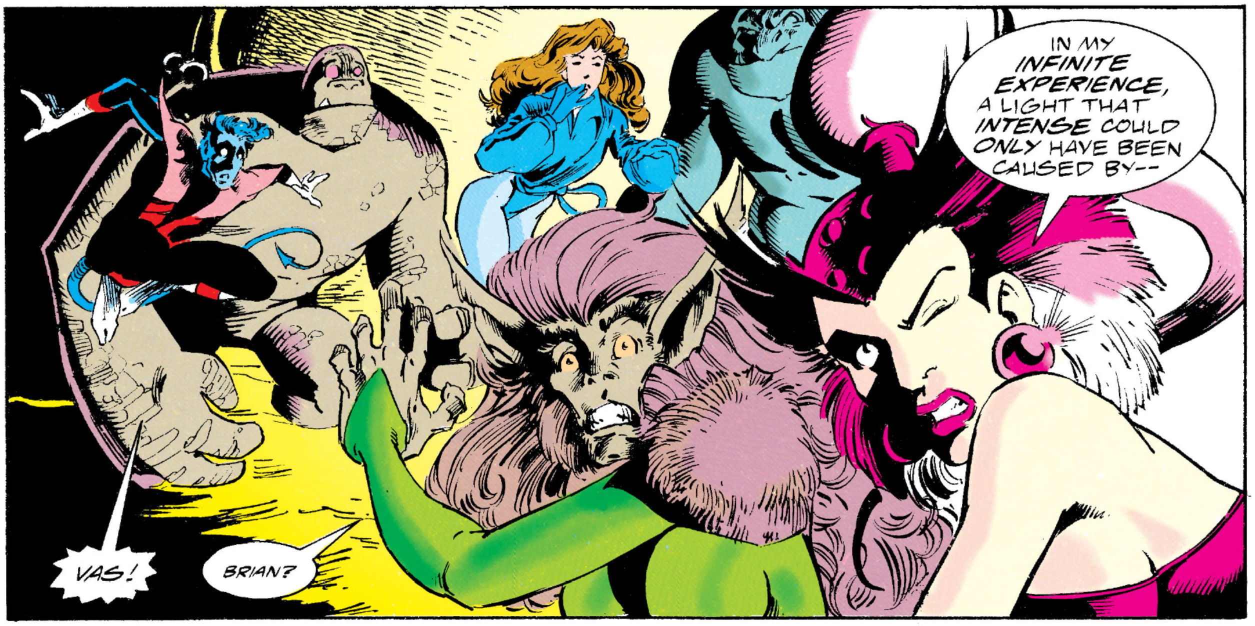

PHLEGM WILL ENLIGHTEN YE', HUMANS!
AS IF YE DIDN'T KNOW!
YE ARE AFTER OUR PRIZE, YE ARE!
AS IF YE DIDN'T KNOW!
SWOOOSH
SPEAKING FOR MYSELF--
--I DIDN'T KNOW!
I DO KNOW THAT IF YOU KEEP HURLING THAT AXE THROUGH MY INTANGIBLE FORM...
...YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE MOST UNPOPULAR TROLL ON THE GREATER ISLE.
WE ARE THE TROLL ASSOCIATES!
POPULARITY IS NOT ON OUR AGENDA!
WOMP
JUST AS WELL.
"I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND." BEATLES GREATEST HITS.
A QUOTE-ESPOUSING METAMORPH?
MAYBE WE CAN BUILD OUR OWN SENTINELS?
"AND SO THEY FOUGHT AND FOUGHT...
"...ENGLAND'S NEWEST DEFENDERS LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH THE ISLE'S OLDEST OFFENDERS.
"MAKE NO MISTAKE, GENTLECREATURES--
--THEY WERE INDEED THE TROLLS THEY CLAIMED TO BE!"

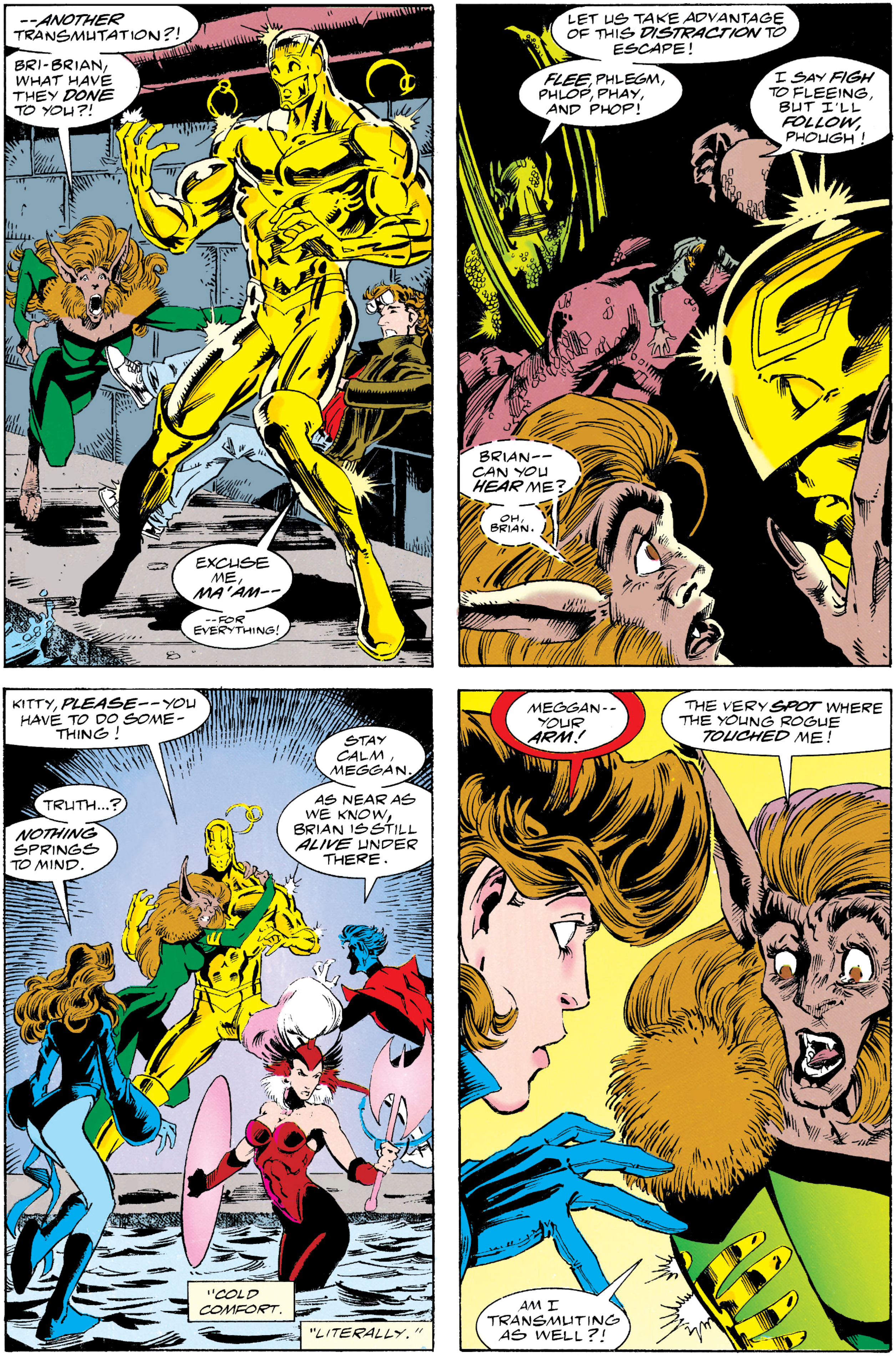

"GRANTED, I WASN'T THERE--BUT I CAN IMAGINE WHAT THEY SAID!
"CERISE MIGHT HAVE SAID, 'OOOO, YOU MAKE ME SO MAD!'
"'YIPES', CRIED THE CREATURE!
"'FEEL THE STING OF MY SOLAR AXE!', SAID SHE!
"'NYUK, NYUK, NYUK'--
"--NIGHTCRAWLER MIGHT HAVE TAUNTED!
"YOU ARE UGLY AND YOUR MOTHER DRESSES YOU FUNNY!"
"REMEMBER, I'M PARAPHRASING HERE.
"'IF TROLLS HAD MOTHERS, I'D BE OFFENDED!', RETORTED ONE--
"--BEFORE STRIKING THE OTHER!
"'A LITTLE OFF THE TOP?!' WOULD QUERY MEGGAN--
"--IF SHE POSSESSED EVEN THE MOST RUDIMENTARY SENSE OF HUMOR.
"WHATEVER WAS SAID TO WHOMEVER--
"--THE POINT IS...
"...EXCALIBUR WAS DOING QUITE WELL, THANK YOU."

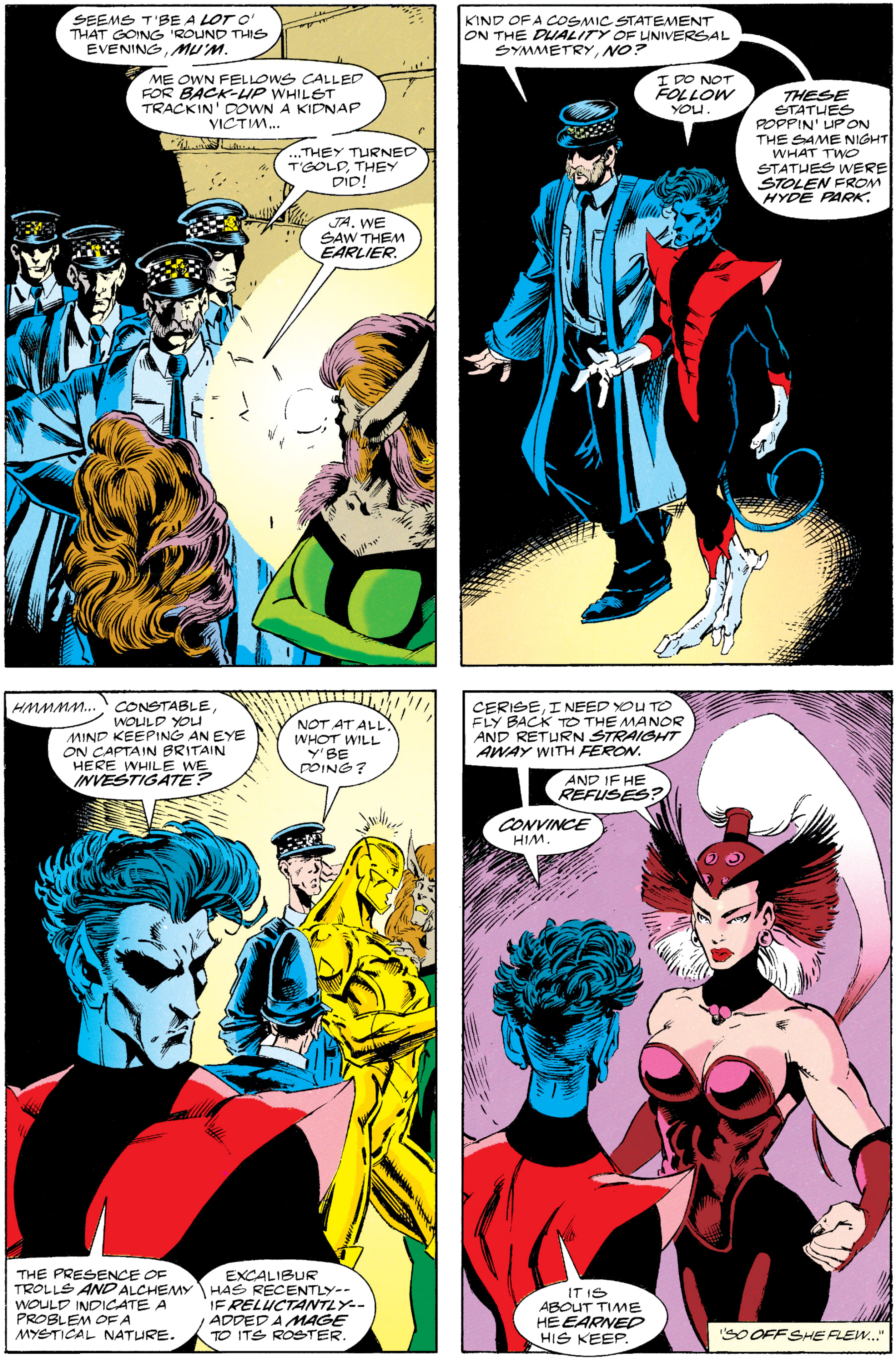

MY KNOWLEDGE OF TROLL PHYSIOLOGY BEING AS LIMITED AS IT IS--
"ONLY A FOOL ATTEMPTS THE FOOLISH!"
--YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK TWICE ABOUT REVERTING TO YOUR ORIGINAL FORM!

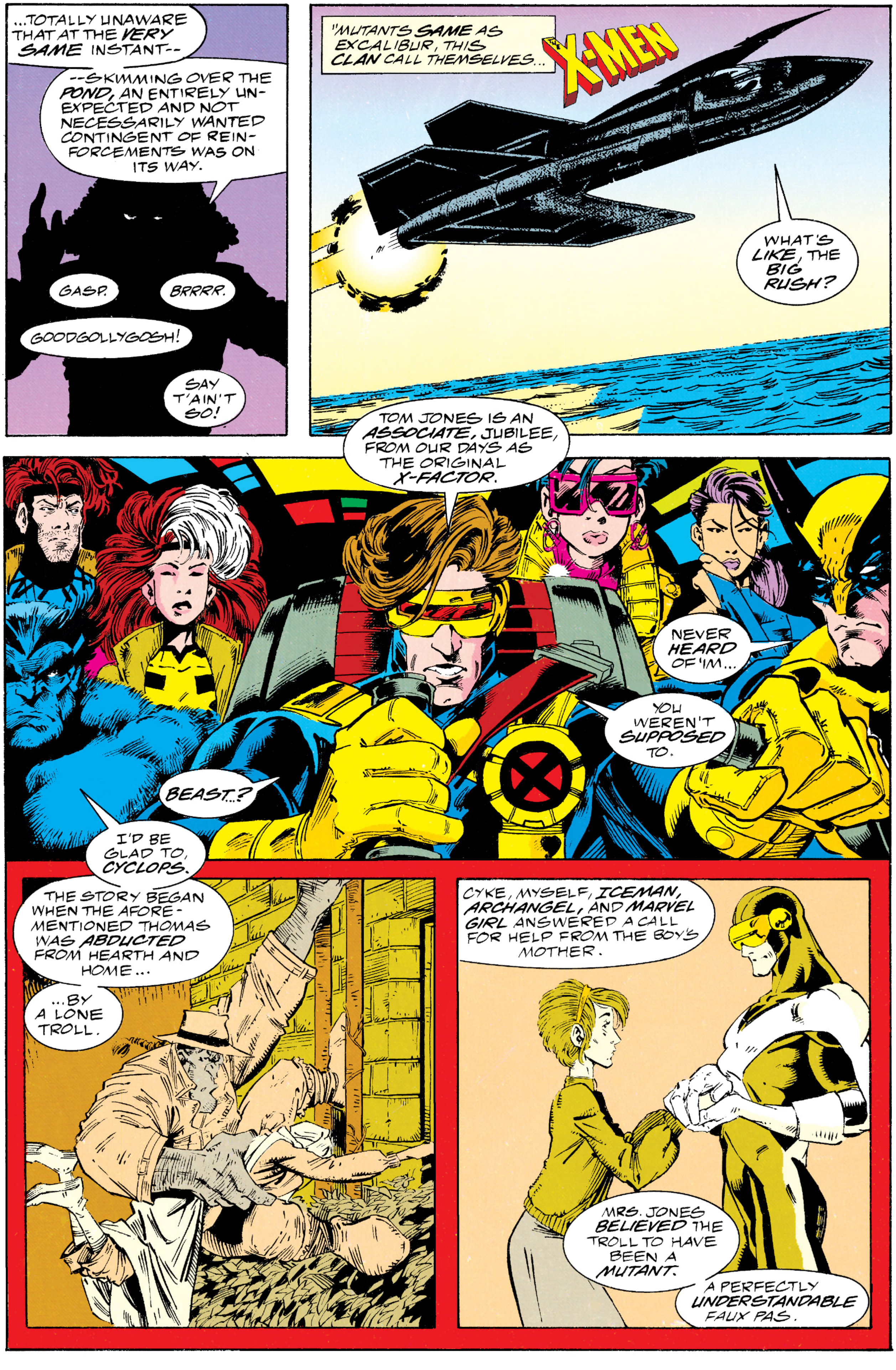

GOOD ADVICE.
NOW, PERHAPS WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS?
"WHAT THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T REALIZE WAS THAT HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN LESS CONCERNED ABOUT HIS BOTTOM--

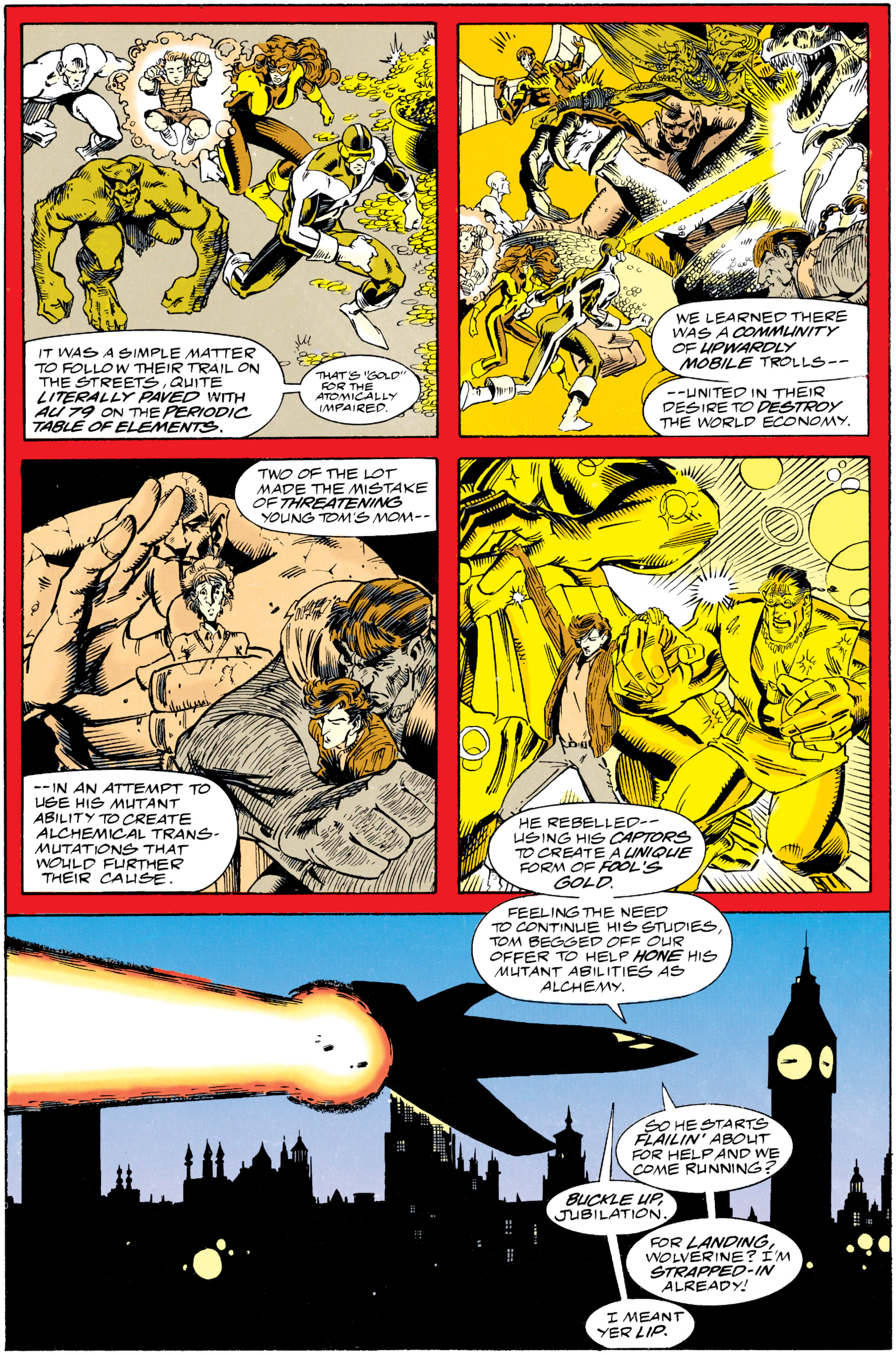

"--AND MORE ABOUT HIS BACKSIDE!"

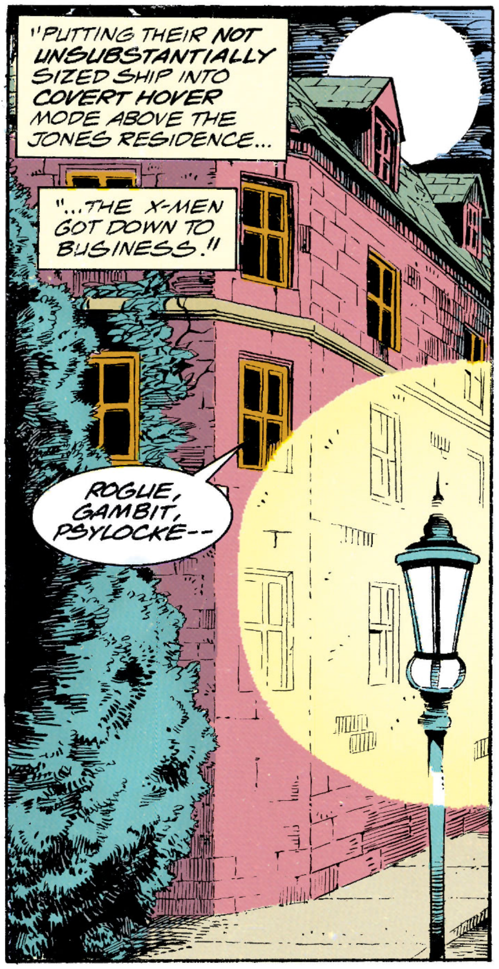

IN MY INFINITE EXPERIENCE, A LIGHT THAT INTENSE COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY--
VAS!
BRIAN?

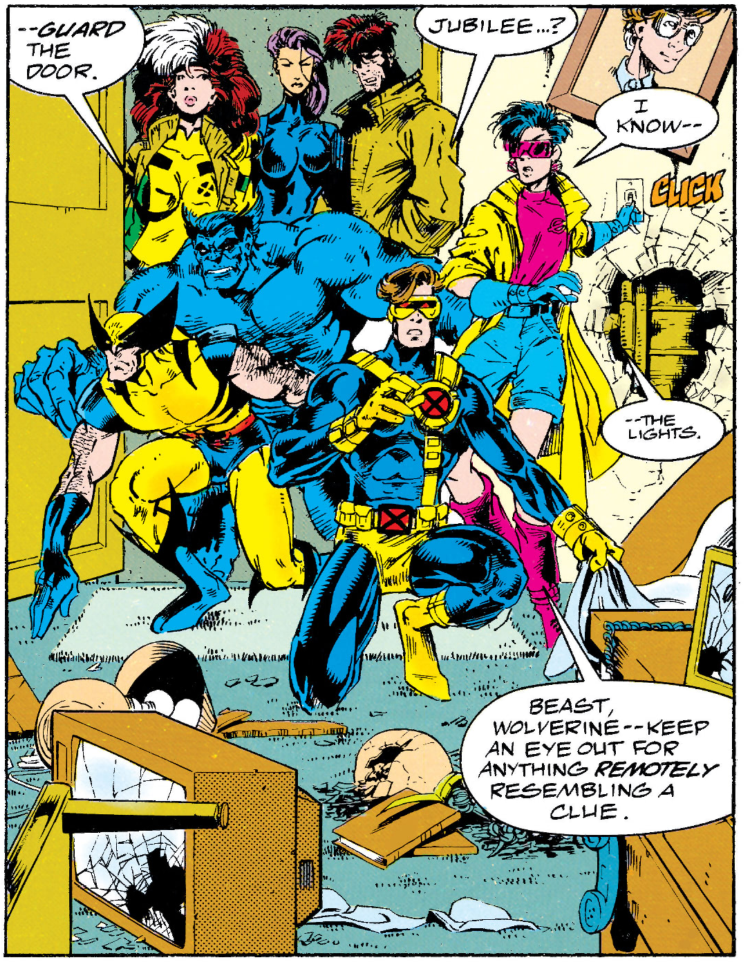

--ANOTHER TRANSMUTATION?!
BRI-BRIAN, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?!
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM--
--FOR EVERYTHING!
LET US TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS DISTRACTION TO ESCAPE!
FLEE, PHLEGM, PHLOP, PHAY, AND PHOP!
I SAY FIGH TO FLEEING, BUT I'LL FOLLOW, PHOUGH!
BRIAN-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?
OH, BRIAN.
KITTY, PLEASE--YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
STAY CALM, MEGGAN.
AS NEAR AS WE KNOW, BRIAN IS STILL ALIVE UNDER THERE.
TRUTH...? NOTHING SPRINGS TO MIND.
"COLD COMFORT.
"LITERALLY."
MEGGAN-- YOUR ARM!
THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE YOUNG ROGUE TOUCHED ME!
AM I TRANSMUTING AS WELL?!

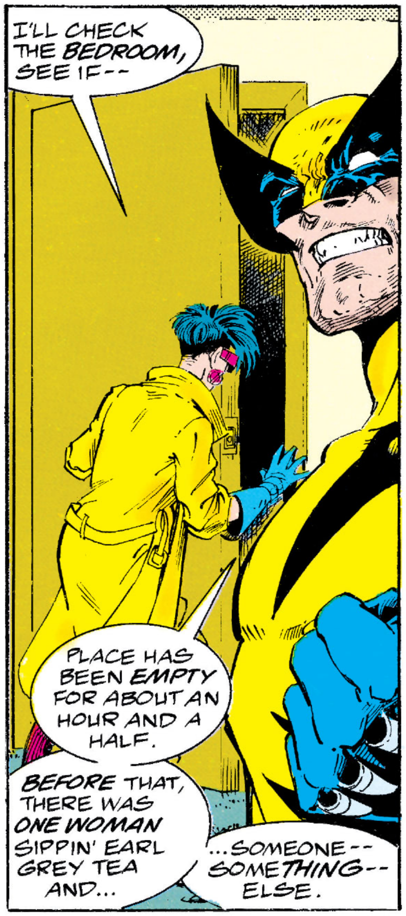

SEEMS T'BE A **LOT** O' THAT GOING 'ROUND THIS EVENING, ***MU'M***.
ME OWN FELLOWS CALLED FOR ***BACK-UP*** WHILST TRACKIN' DOWN A KIDNAP VICTIM...
...THEY TURNED T'GOLD, THEY DID!
JA. WE SAW THEM ***EARLIER***.
KIND OF A COSMIC STATEMENT ON THE ***DUALITY*** OF UNIVERSAL SYMMETRY, ***NO?***
I DO NOT ***FOLLOW*** YOU.
THESE STATUES POPPIN' UP ON THE SAME NIGHT WHAT TWO STATUES WERE ***STOLEN*** FROM ***HYDE PARK***.
HMMMM...
CONSTABLE, WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING AN EYE ON CAPTAIN BRITAIN HERE WHILE WE ***INVESTIGATE?***
NOT AT ALL. WHOT WILL Y'BE DOING?
THE PRESENCE OF TROLLS ***AND*** ALCHEMY WOULD INDICATE A PROBLEM OF A MYSTICAL NATURE.
EXCALIBUR HAS RECENTLY-- IF ***RELUCTANTLY***-- ADDED A ***MAGE*** TO ITS ROSTER.
CERISE, I NEED YOU TO FLY BACK TO THE MANOR AND RETURN ***STRAIGHT AWAY*** WITH ***FERON***.
AND IF HE ***REFUSES?***
CONVINCE HIM.
IT IS ABOUT TIME HE ***EARNED*** HIS KEEP.
"SO ***OFF*** SHE FLEW..."

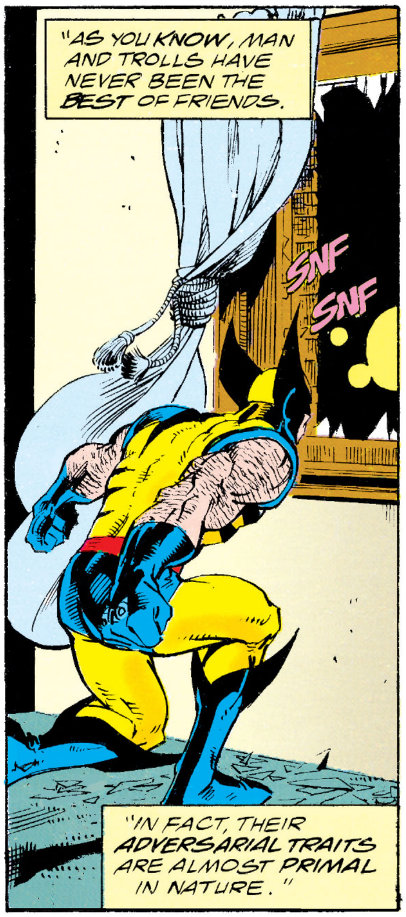

...TOTALLY UNAWARE THAT AT THE **VERY SAME** INSTANT--
--SKIMMING OVER THE **POND**, AN ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED AND NOT NECESSARILY WANTED CONTINGENT OF REINFORCEMENTS WAS ON ITS WAY.
GASP.
BRRRR.
GOODGOLLYGOSH!
SAY T'AIN'T SO!
"MUTANTS **SAME** AS EXCALIBUR, THIS **CLAN** CALL THEMSELVES...
X-MEN
WHAT'S **LIKE**, THE **BIG RUSH**?
TOM JONES IS AN **ASSOCIATE**, JUBILEE, FROM OUR DAYS AS THE ORIGINAL **X-FACTOR**.
NEVER **HEARD** OF 'IM...
YOU WEREN'T **SUPPOSED** TO.
BEAST...?
I'D BE GLAD TO, **CYCLOPS**.
THE STORY BEGAN WHEN THE AFOREMENTIONED THOMAS WAS **ABDUCTED** FROM HEARTH AND HOME...
...BY A LONE TROLL.
CYKE, MYSELF, **ICEMAN**, **ARCHANGEL**, AND **MARVEL GIRL** ANSWERED A CALL FOR HELP FROM THE BOY'S MOTHER.
MRS. JONES **BELIEVED** THE TROLL TO HAVE BEEN A **MUTANT**.
A PERFECTLY **UNDERSTANDABLE** FAUX PAS.

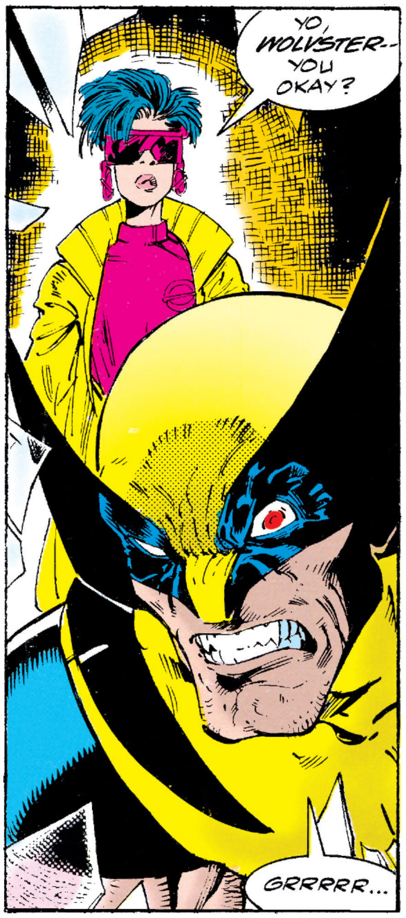

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL ON THE STREETS, QUITE **LITERALLY PAVED** WITH **AU 79** ON THE **PERIODIC TABLE OF ELEMENTS.**
THAT'S "GOLD" FOR THE ATOMICALLY IMPAIRED.
WE LEARNED THERE WAS A **COMMUNITY** OF **UPWARDLY MOBILE** TROLLS--
--UNITED IN THEIR DESIRE TO **DESTROY** THE WORLD ECONOMY.
TWO OF THE LOT MADE THE MISTAKE OF **THREATENING** YOUNG TOM'S MOM--
--IN AN ATTEMPT TO USE HIS MUTANT ABILITY TO CREATE ALCHEMICAL TRANSMUTATIONS THAT WOULD FURTHER THEIR CAUSE.
HE REBELLED-- USING HIS **CAPTORS** TO CREATE A **UNIQUE** FORM OF **FOOL'S GOLD.**
FEELING THE NEED TO CONTINUE HIS STUDIES, TOM BEGGED OFF OUR OFFER TO HELP **HONE** HIS MUTANT ABILITIES AS ALCHEMY.
SO HE STARTS **FLAILIN'** ABOUT FOR HELP AND WE COME RUNNING?
BUCKLE UP, JUBILATION.
FOR **LANDING,** WOLVERINE? I'M **STRAPPED-IN** ALREADY!
I MEANT YER **LIP.**

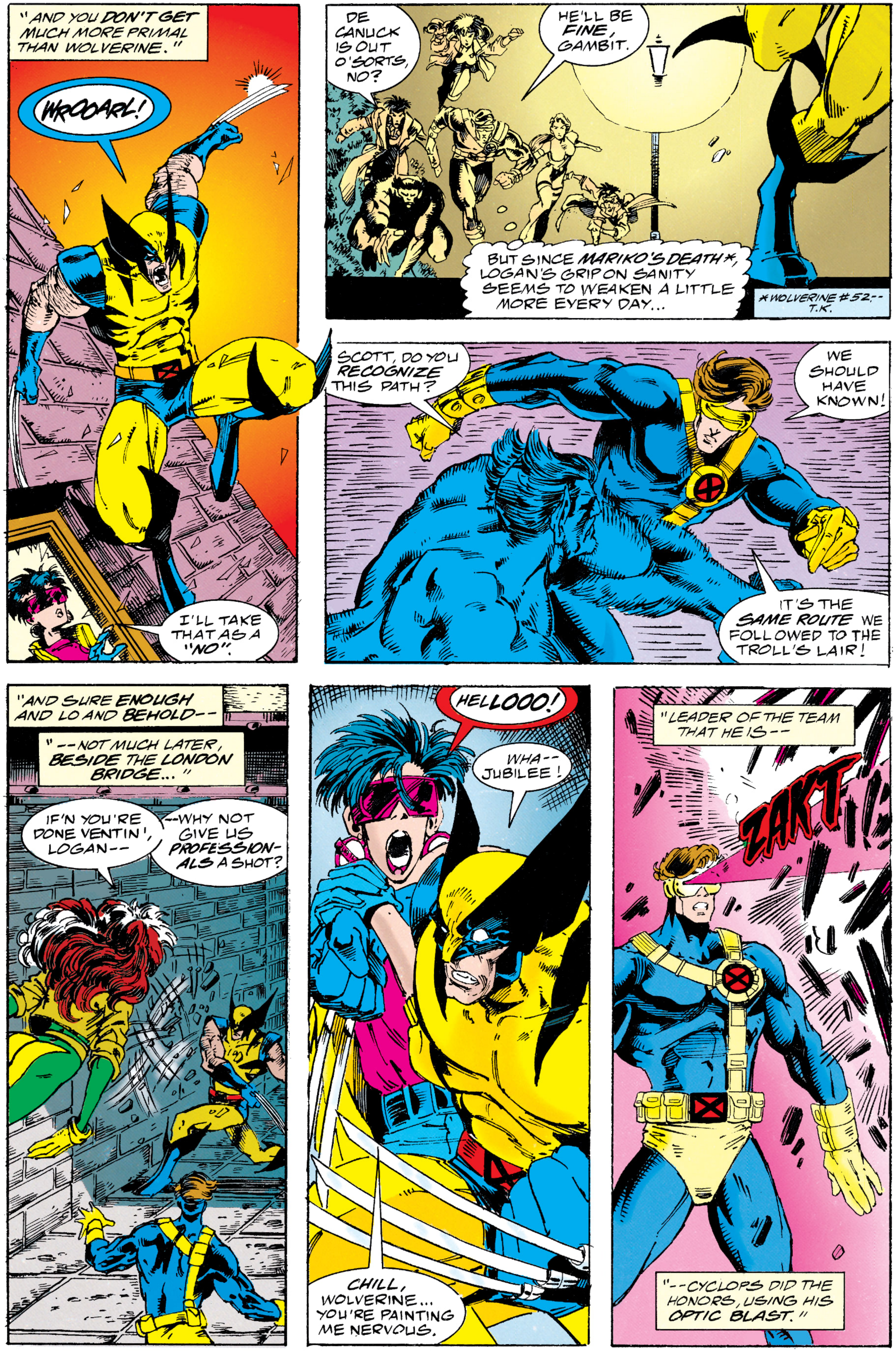

"PUTTING THEIR **NOT UNSUBSTANTIALLY** SIZED SHIP INTO **COVERT HOVER** MODE ABOVE THE JONES RESIDENCE...
"...THE X-MEN GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS."
ROGUE, GAMBIT, PSYLOCKE--

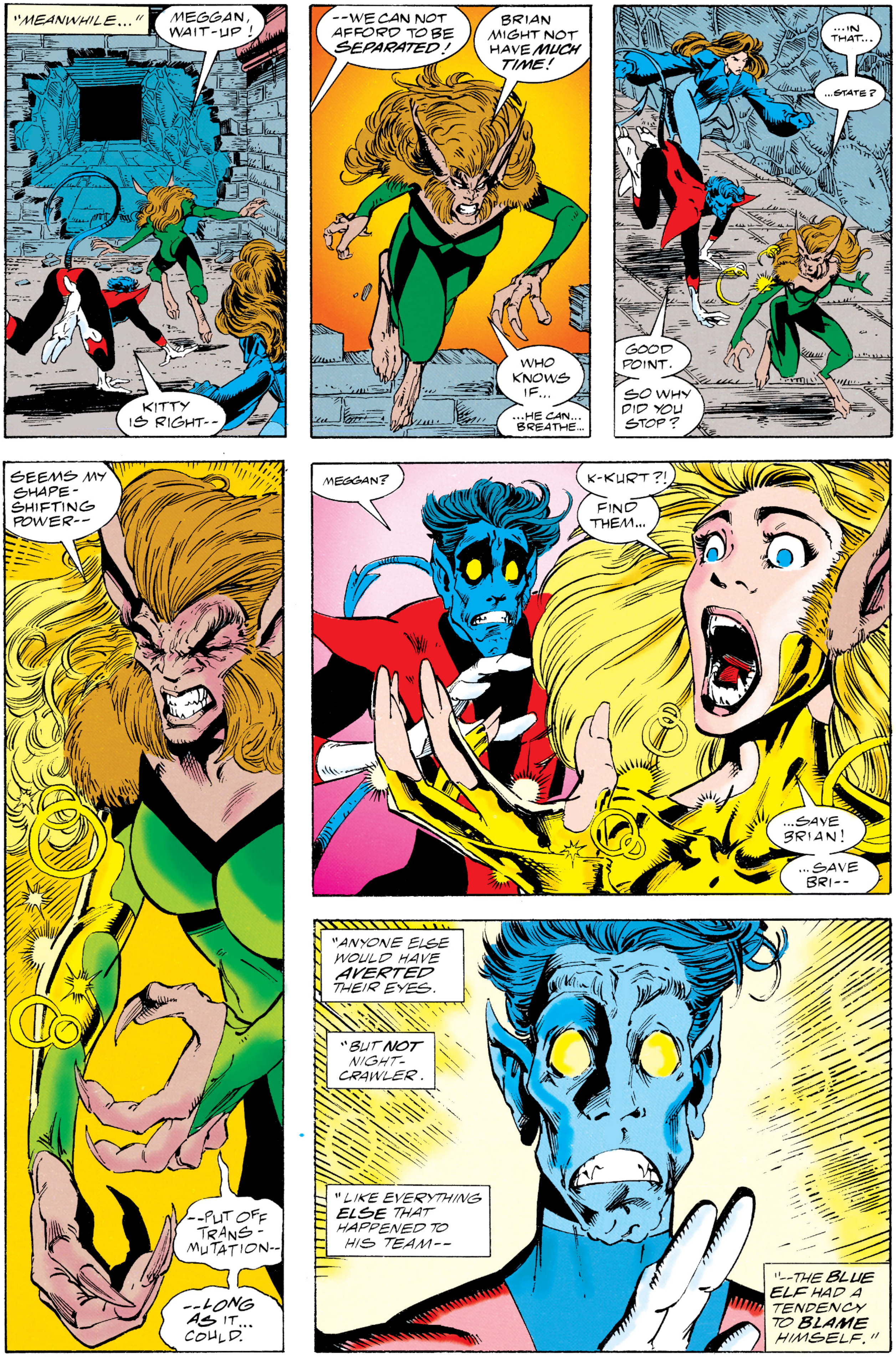

--**GUARD** THE DOOR.
JUBILEE...?
I KNOW--
CLICK
--THE LIGHTS.
BEAST, WOLVERINE--KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANYTHING **REMOTELY** RESEMBLING A CLUE.

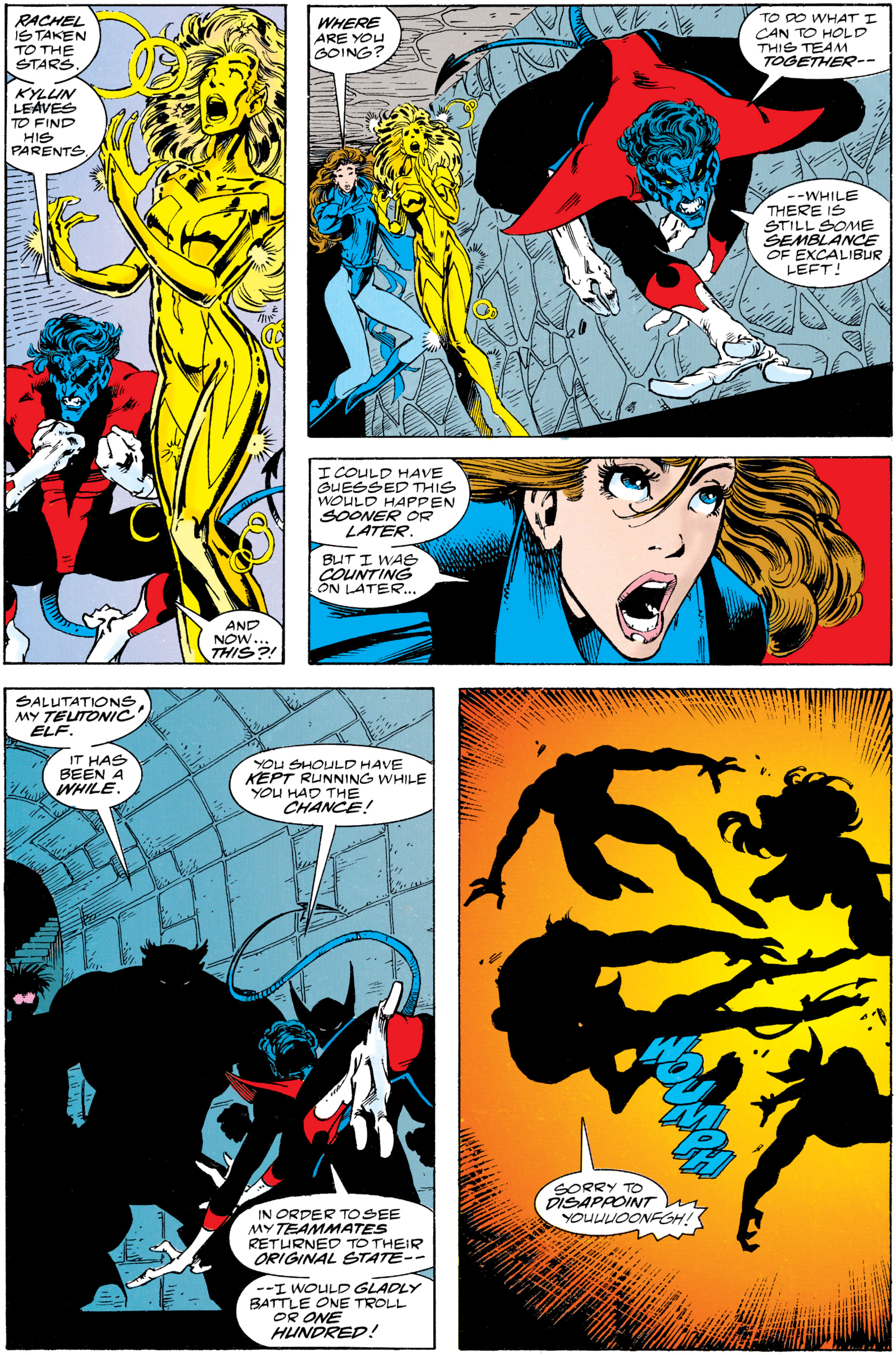

I'LL CHECK THE **BEDROOM**, SEE IF--
PLACE HAS BEEN **EMPTY** FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF.
BEFORE THAT, THERE WAS **ONE WOMAN** SIPPIN' EARL GREY TEA AND...
...SOMEONE--SOME**THING**--ELSE.

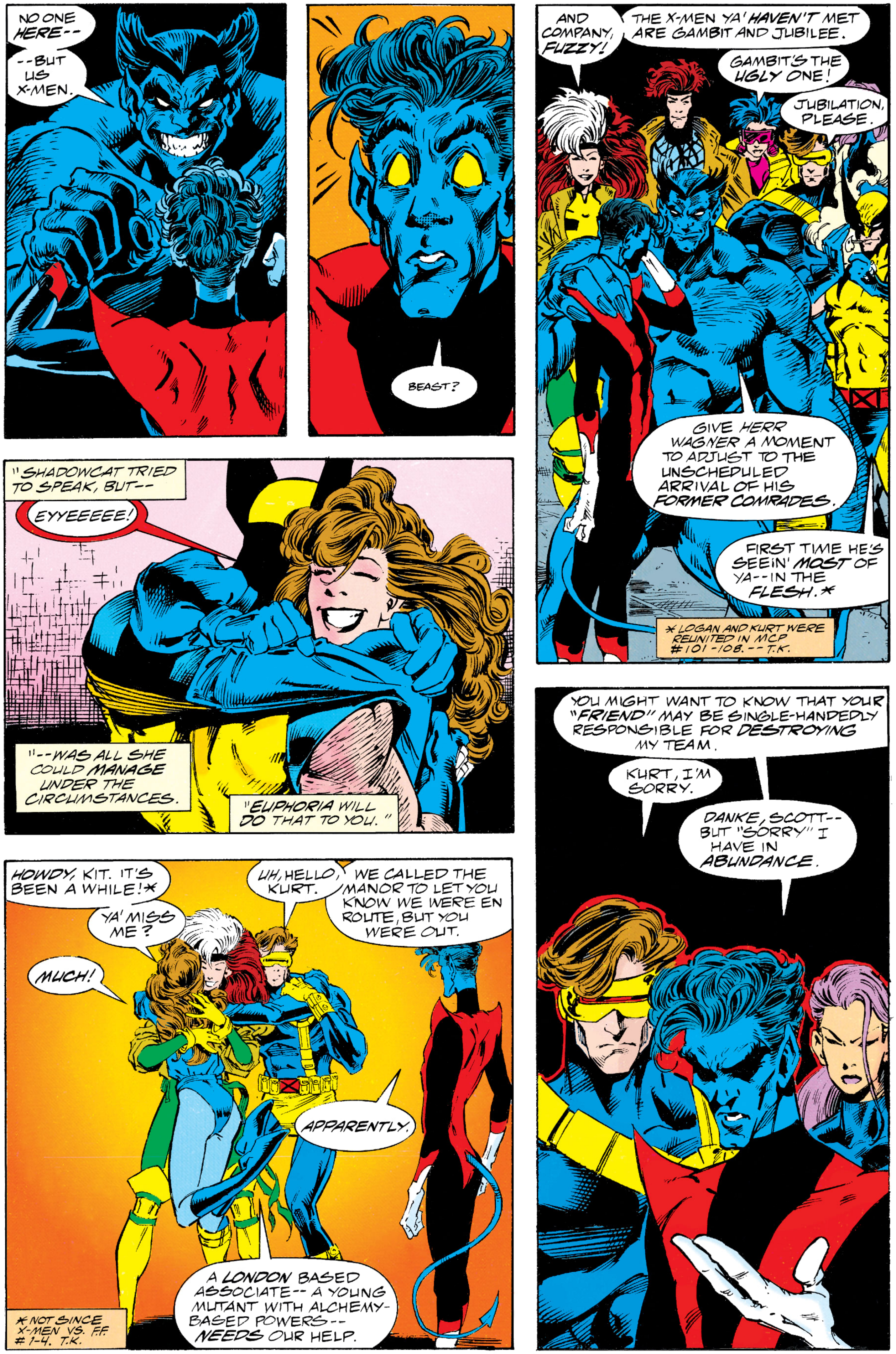

"AS YOU **KNOW**, MAN AND TROLLS HAVE NEVER BEEN THE **BEST** OF FRIENDS.
SNF
SNF
"IN FACT, THEIR **ADVERSARIAL TRAITS** ARE ALMOST **PRIMAL** IN NATURE."

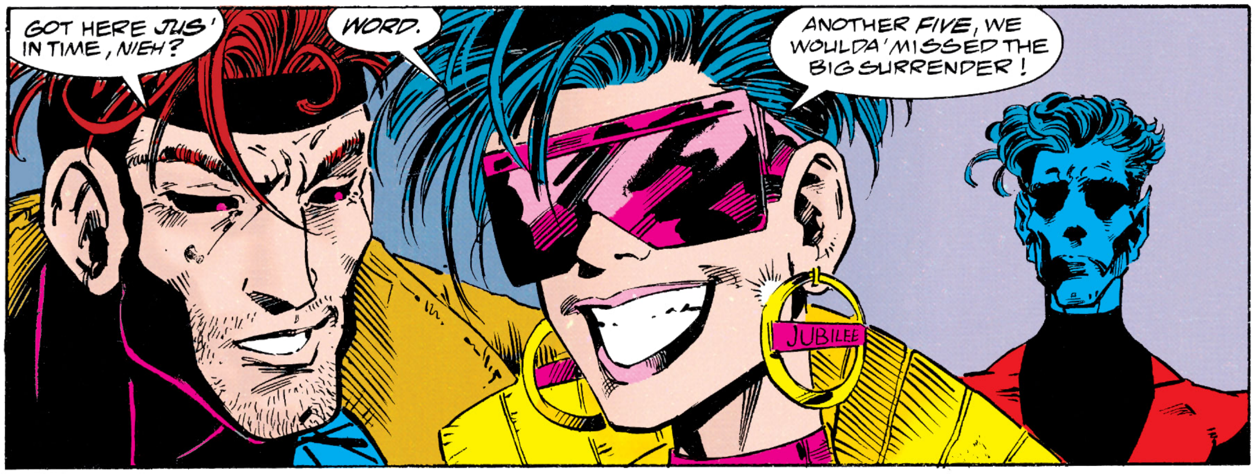

YO, **WOLVSTER**--YOU OKAY?
GRRRRR...

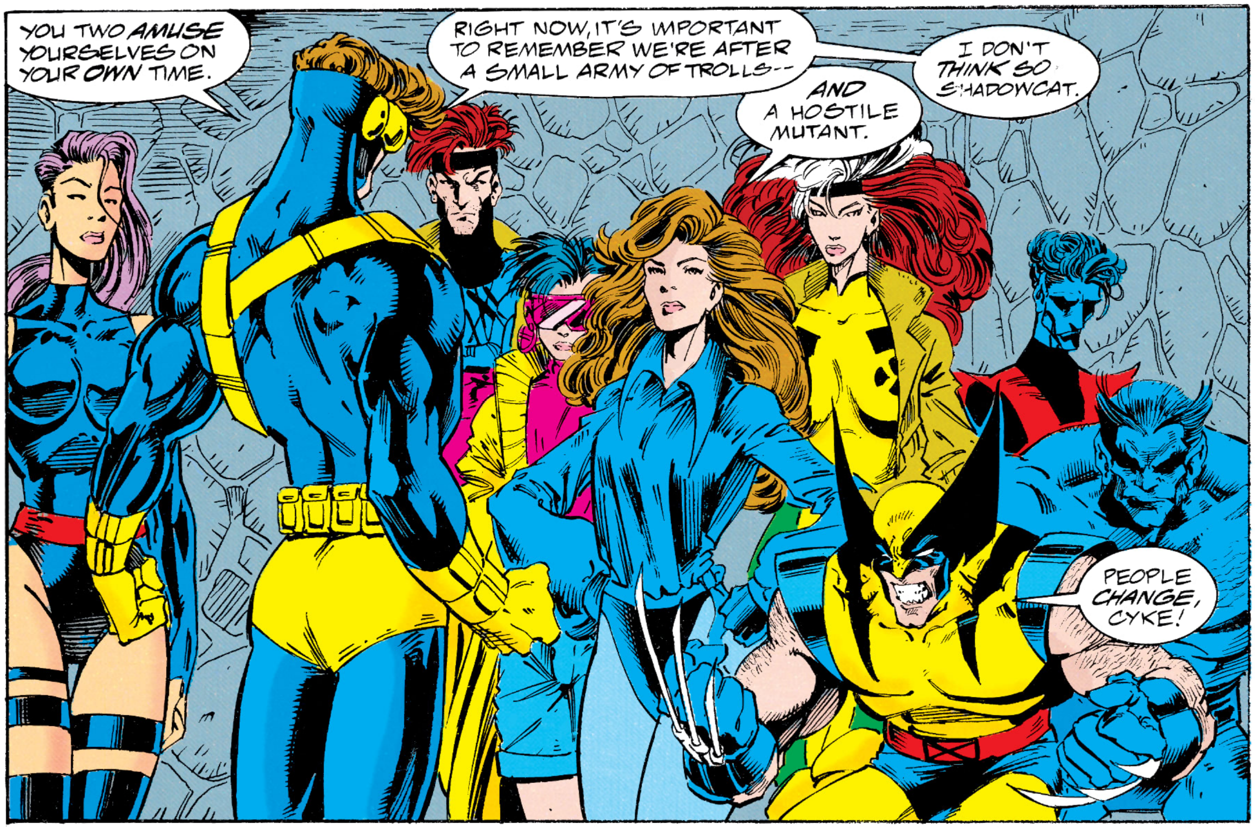

"AND YOU DON'T GET MUCH MORE PRIMAL THAN WOLVERINE."
WROOARL!
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "NO".
DE CANUCK IS OUT O'SORTS, NO?
HE'LL BE FINE, GAMBIT.
BUT SINCE MARIKO'S DEATH*, LOGAN'S GRIP ON SANITY SEEMS TO WEAKEN A LITTLE MORE EVERY DAY...
*WOLVERINE #52.--T.K.
SCOTT, DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS PATH?
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
IT'S THE SAME ROUTE WE FOLLOWED TO THE TROLL'S LAIR!
"AND SURE ENOUGH AND LO AND BEHOLD--
"--NOT MUCH LATER, BESIDE THE LONDON BRIDGE..."
IF'N YOU'RE DONE VENTIN', LOGAN--
--WHY NOT GIVE US PROFESSIONALS A SHOT?
HELLOOO!
WHA-- JUBILEE!
CHILL, WOLVERINE... YOU'RE PAINTING ME NERVOUS.
"LEADER OF THE TEAM THAT HE IS--
ZAKT
"--CYCLOPS DID THE HONORS, USING HIS OPTIC BLAST."

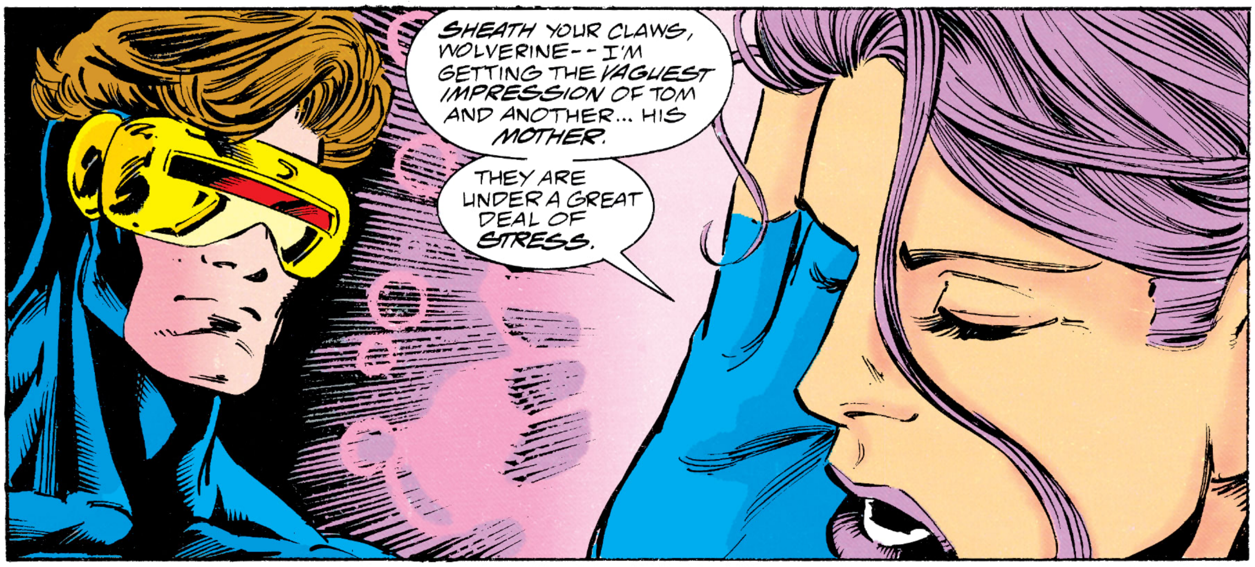

"MEANWHILE..."
MEGGAN, WAIT-UP!
KITTY IS RIGHT--
--WE CAN NOT AFFORD TO BE SEPARATED!
BRIAN MIGHT NOT HAVE MUCH TIME!
WHO KNOWS IF...
...HE CAN... BREATHE...
...IN THAT...
...STATE?
GOOD POINT.
SO WHY DID YOU STOP?
SEEMS MY SHAPE-SHIFTING POWER--
--PUT OFF TRANSMUTATION--
--LONG AS IT... COULD.
MEGGAN?
K-KURT?!
FIND THEM...
...SAVE BRIAN!
...SAVE BRI--
"ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE AVERTED THEIR EYES.
"BUT NOT NIGHTCRAWLER.
"LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE THAT HAPPENED TO HIS TEAM--
"--THE BLUE ELF HAD A TENDENCY TO BLAME HIMSELF."

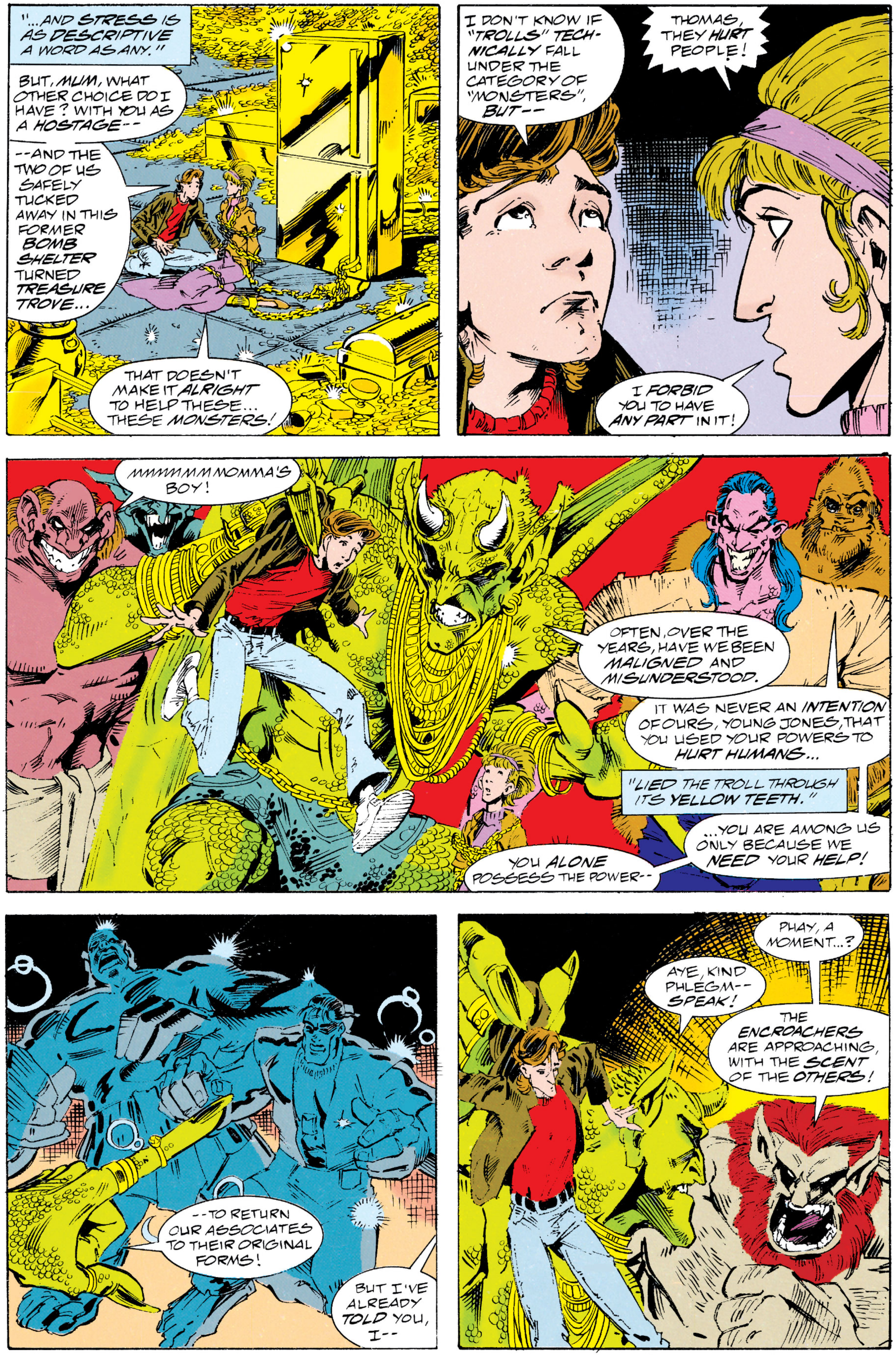

RACHEL IS TAKEN TO THE STARS.
KYLUN LEAVES TO FIND HIS PARENTS.
AND NOW... THIS?!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO DO WHAT I CAN TO HOLD THIS TEAM TOGETHER--
--WHILE THERE IS STILL SOME SEMBLANCE OF EXCALIBUR LEFT!
I COULD HAVE GUESSED THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER.
BUT I WAS COUNTING ON LATER...
SALUTATIONS, MY TEUTONIC ELF.
IT HAS BEEN A WHILE.
YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT RUNNING WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE!
IN ORDER TO SEE MY TEAMMATES RETURNED TO THEIR ORIGINAL STATE--
--I WOULD GLADLY BATTLE ONE TROLL OR ONE HUNDRED!
WOUMPH
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOUUUUOONFGH!

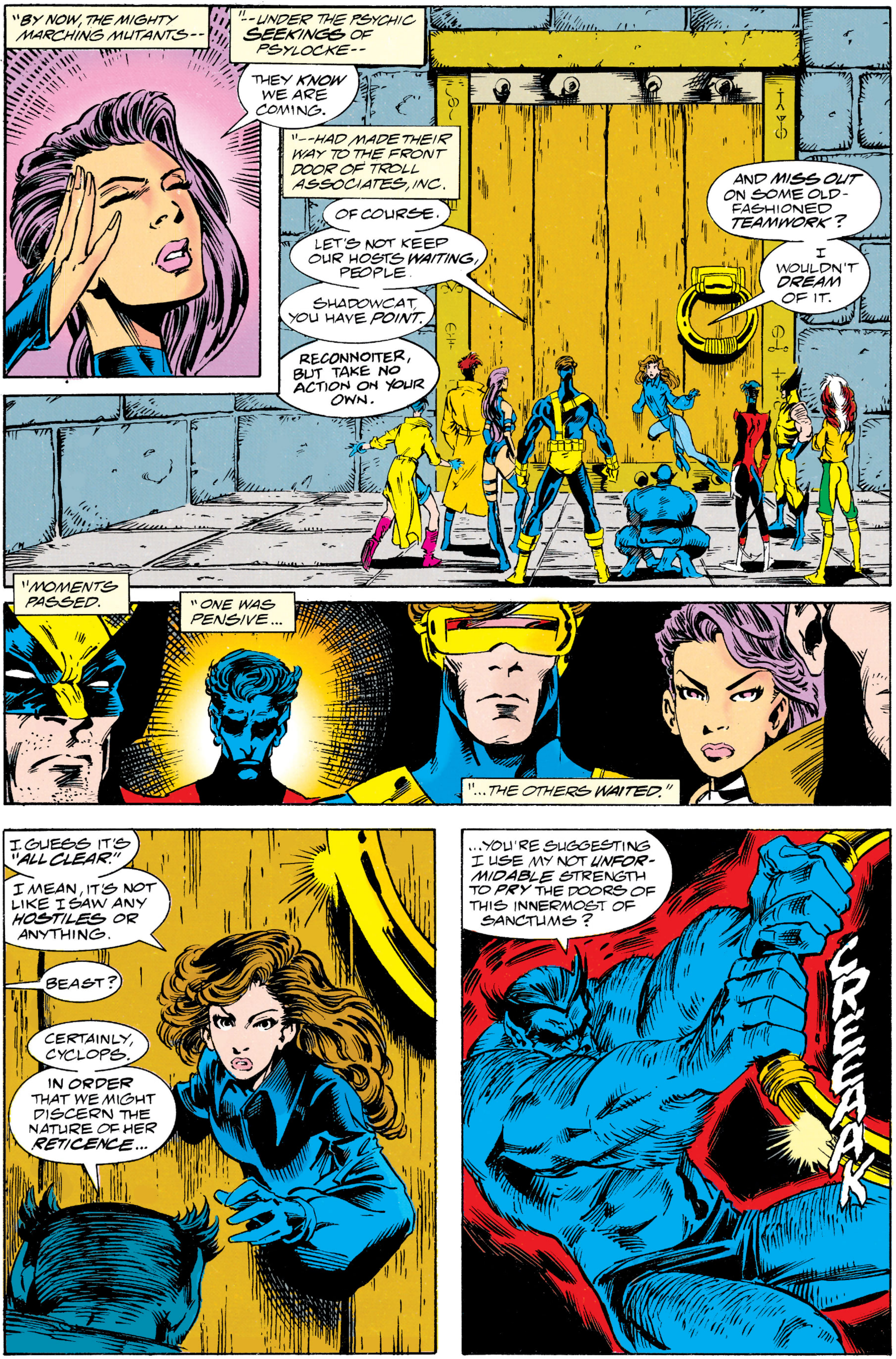

NO ONE HERE--
--BUT US X-MEN.
BEAST?
AND COMPANY, FUZZY!
THE X-MEN YA' HAVEN'T MET ARE GAMBIT AND JUBILEE.
GAMBIT'S THE UGLY ONE!
JUBILATION, PLEASE.
GIVE HERR WAGNER A MOMENT TO ADJUST TO THE UNSCHEDULED ARRIVAL OF HIS FORMER COMRADES.
FIRST TIME HE'S SEEIN' MOST OF YA--IN THE FLESH.*
*LOGAN AND KURT WERE REUNITED IN MCP #101-108. --T.K.
"SHADOWCAT TRIED TO SPEAK, BUT--
EYYEEEEE!
"--WAS ALL SHE COULD MANAGE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
"EUPHORIA WILL DO THAT TO YOU."
HOWDY, KIT. IT'S BEEN A WHILE!*
YA' MISS ME?
MUCH!
UH, HELLO, KURT.
WE CALLED THE MANOR TO LET YOU KNOW WE WERE EN ROUTE, BUT YOU WERE OUT.
APPARENTLY.
A LONDON BASED ASSOCIATE-- A YOUNG MUTANT WITH ALCHEMY-BASED POWERS-- NEEDS OUR HELP.
*NOT SINCE X-MEN VS. F.F. #1-4. T.K.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW THAT YOUR "FRIEND" MAY BE SINGLE-HANDEDLY RESPONSIBLE FOR DESTROYING MY TEAM.
KURT, I'M SORRY.
DANKE, SCOTT-- BUT "SORRY" I HAVE IN ABUNDANCE.

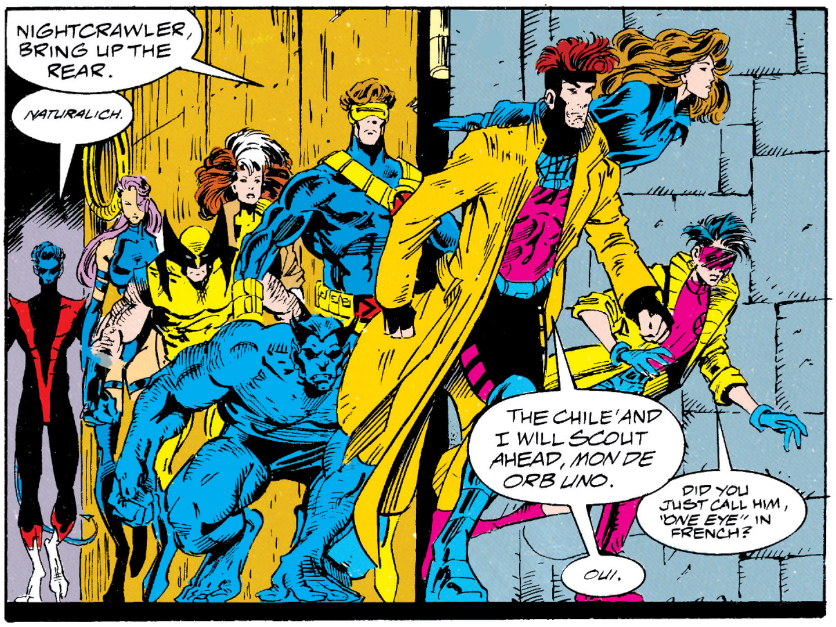

GOT HERE JUS' IN TIME, NIEH?
WORD.
ANOTHER FIVE, WE WOULDA' MISSED THE BIG SURRENDER!
JUBILEE

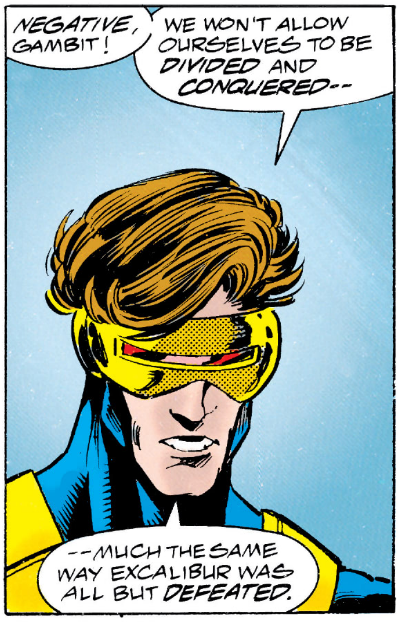

YOU TWO AMUSE YOURSELVES ON YOUR OWN TIME.
RIGHT NOW, IT'S IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER WE'RE AFTER A SMALL ARMY OF TROLLS--
I DON'T THINK SO, SHADOWCAT.
AND A HOSTILE MUTANT.
PEOPLE CHANGE, CYKE!

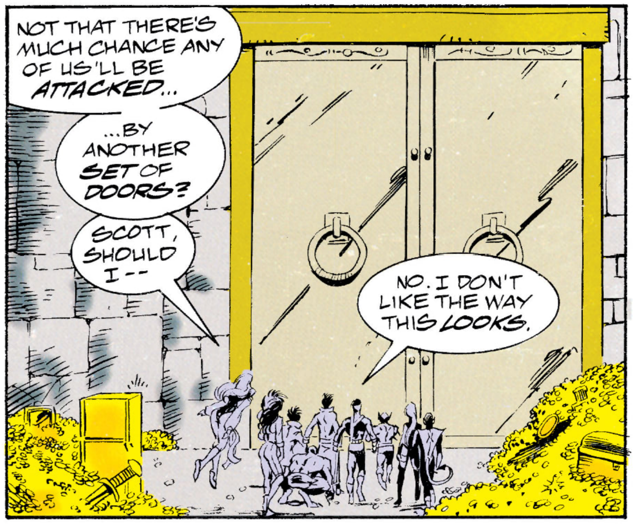

SHEATH YOUR CLAWS, WOLVERINE--I'M GETTING THE VAGUEST IMPRESSION OF TOM AND ANOTHER... HIS MOTHER.
THEY ARE UNDER A GREAT DEAL OF STRESS.

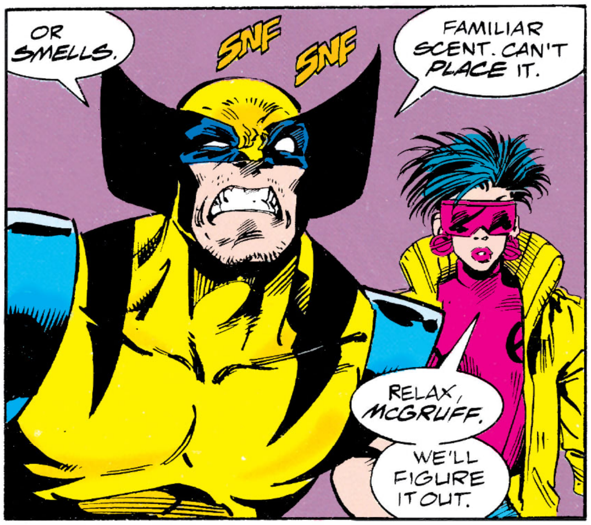

"...AND STRESS IS AS DESCRIPTIVE A WORD AS ANY."
BUT, MUM, WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE? WITH YOU AS A HOSTAGE--
--AND THE TWO OF US SAFELY TUCKED AWAY IN THIS FORMER BOMB SHELTER TURNED TREASURE TROVE...
THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ALRIGHT TO HELP THESE... THESE MONSTERS!
I DON'T KNOW IF "TROLLS" TECHNICALLY FALL UNDER THE CATEGORY OF "MONSTERS", BUT--
THOMAS, THEY HURT PEOPLE!
I FORBID YOU TO HAVE ANY PART IN IT!
MMMMMMM MOMMA'S BOY!
OFTEN, OVER THE YEARS, HAVE WE BEEN MALIGNED AND MISUNDERSTOOD.
IT WAS NEVER AN INTENTION OF OURS, YOUNG JONES, THAT YOU USED YOUR POWERS TO HURT HUMANS...
"LIED THE TROLL THROUGH ITS YELLOW TEETH."
...YOU ARE AMONG US ONLY BECAUSE WE NEED YOUR HELP!
YOU ALONE POSSESS THE POWER--
--TO RETURN OUR ASSOCIATES TO THEIR ORIGINAL FORMS!
BUT I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, I--
PHAY, A MOMENT...?
AYE, KIND PHLEGM--SPEAK!
THE ENCROACHERS ARE APPROACHING, WITH THE SCENT OF THE OTHERS!

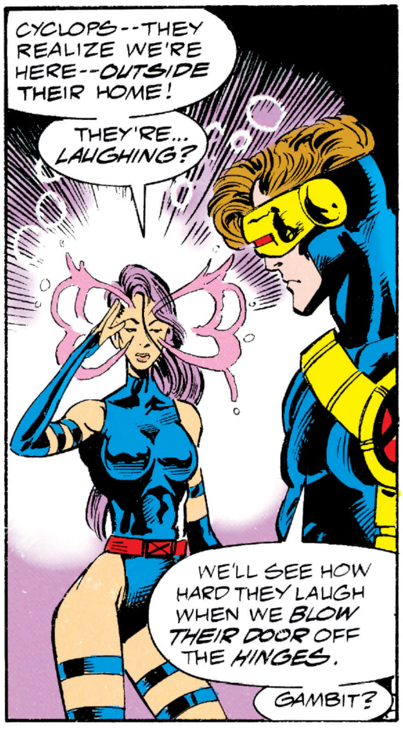

"BY NOW, THE MIGHTY MARCHING MUTANTS--
"--UNDER THE PSYCHIC SEEKINGS OF PSYLOCKE--
THEY KNOW WE ARE COMING.
"--HAD MADE THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT DOOR OF TROLL ASSOCIATES, INC.
OF COURSE.
LET'S NOT KEEP OUR HOSTS WAITING, PEOPLE.
SHADOWCAT, YOU HAVE POINT.
RECONNOITER, BUT TAKE NO ACTION ON YOUR OWN.
AND MISS OUT ON SOME OLD-FASHIONED TEAMWORK?
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.
"MOMENTS PASSED.
"ONE WAS PENSIVE...
"...THE OTHERS WAITED."
I GUESS IT'S "ALL CLEAR."
I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I SAW ANY HOSTILES OR ANYTHING.
BEAST?
CERTAINLY, CYCLOPS.
IN ORDER THAT WE MIGHT DISCERN THE NATURE OF HER RETICENCE...
...YOU'RE SUGGESTING I USE MY NOT UNFORMIDABLE STRENGTH TO PRY THE DOORS OF THIS INNERMOST OF SANCTUMS?
CREEAAK

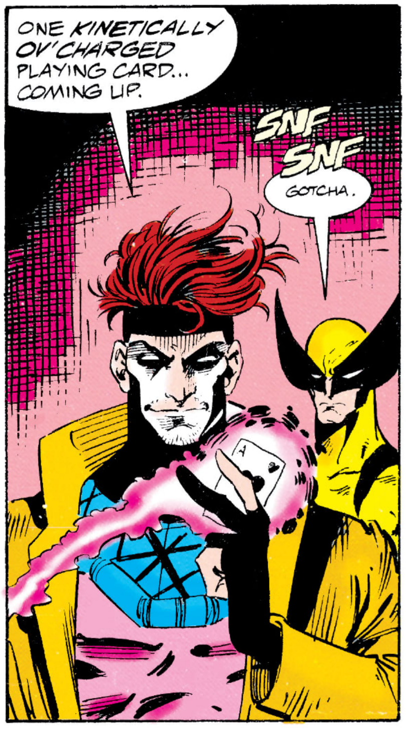

NIGHTCRAWLER, BRING UP THE REAR.
NATURALICH.
THE CHILE' AND I WILL SCOUT AHEAD, MON DE ORB UNO.
OUI.
DID YOU JUST CALL HIM, 'ONE EYE' IN FRENCH?

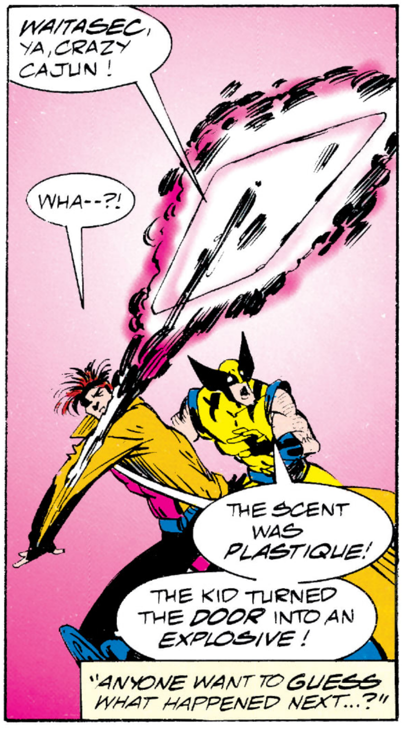

NEGATIVE, GAMBIT!
WE WON'T ALLOW OURSELVES TO BE DIVIDED AND CONQUERED--
--MUCH THE SAME WAY EXCALIBUR WAS ALL BUT DEFEATED.

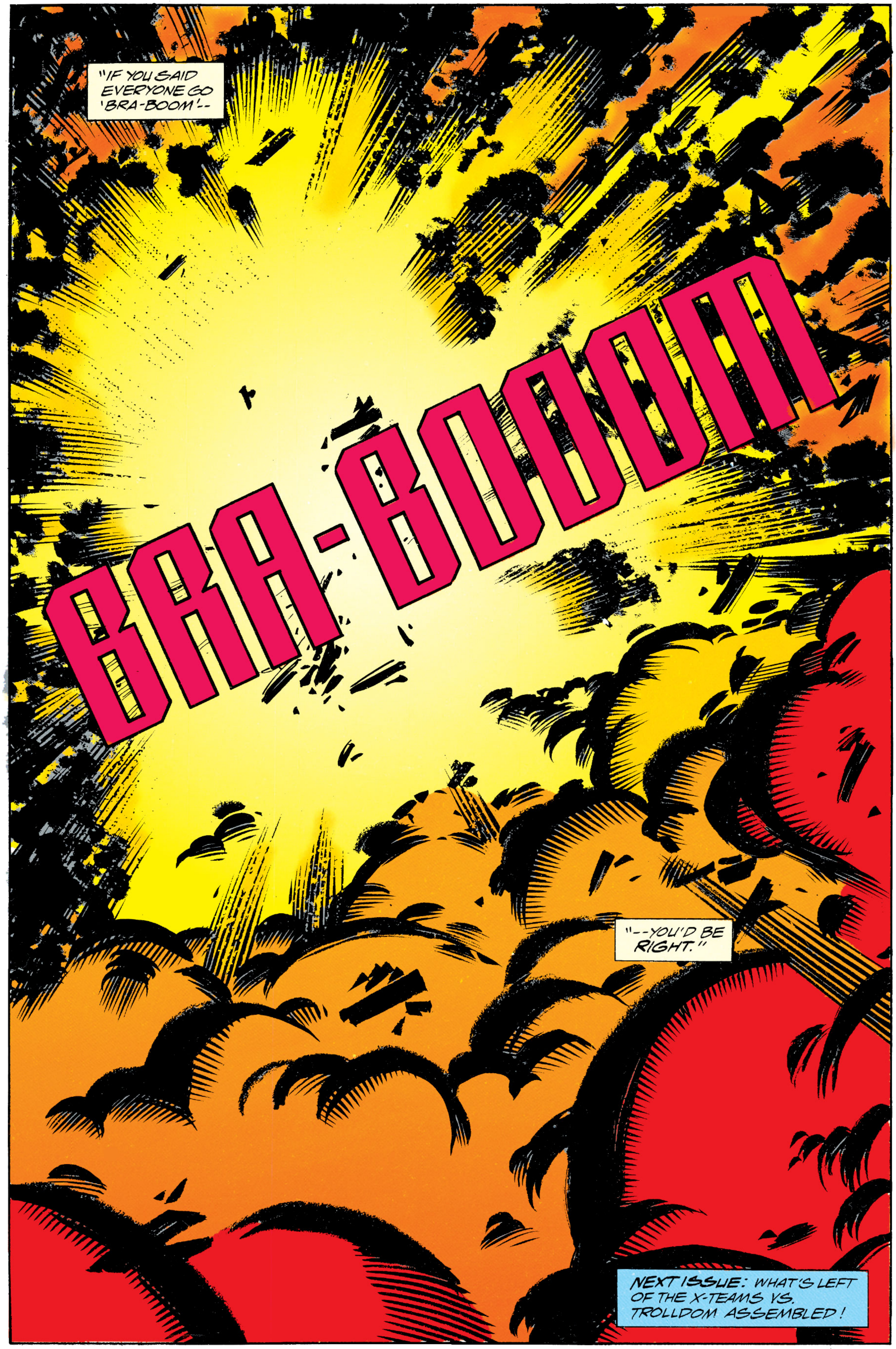

NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH CHANCE ANY OF US'LL BE ATTACKED...
...BY ANOTHER SET OF DOORS?
SCOTT, SHOULD I--
NO. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS LOOKS.


OR SMELLS.
SNF
SNF
FAMILIAR SCENT. CAN'T PLACE IT.
RELAX, MCGRUFF.
WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT.


CYCLOPS--THEY REALIZE WE'RE HERE--OUTSIDE THEIR HOME!
THEY'RE... LAUGHING?
WE'LL SEE HOW HARD THEY LAUGH WHEN WE BLOW THEIR DOOR OFF THE HINGES.
GAMBIT?


ONE KINETICALLY OV'CHARGED PLAYING CARD... COMING UP.
SNF
SNF
GOTCHA.


WAITASEC, YA CRAZY CAJUN!
WHA--?!
THE SCENT WAS PLASTIQUE!
THE KID TURNED THE DOOR INTO AN EXPLOSIVE!
"ANYONE WANT TO GUESS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...?"


"IF YOU SAID EVERYONE GO 'BRA-BOOM'--
BRA-BOOOM
"--YOU'D BE RIGHT."
NEXT ISSUE: WHAT'S LEFT OF THE X-TEAMS VS. TROLLDOM ASSEMBLED!

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